

The SIGN



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



WHAT SELLS BEST SELLERS? - John S. Kennedy
WAR AND RELIGION IN ENGLAND Douglas Woodruff
INSIDE WASHINGTON - - - - Joseph F. Thorning
BY MY FAITH - - - - - E. M. MacEoin
ECONOMICS OF THE SPIRIT - - - John F. Cronin
ROAD TO ROME - - - - - Edward Hawks
IS MEXICO SWINGING RIGHT? - - Randall Pond

APRIL, 1940

PRICE 20c



MISSION PROSPECTUS 1939

Yüanling War-Relief Activities

Refugee Camps (8): Refugees Registered .	5,182
Refugees in our Camps: June 30, 1939 . .	1,634
Refugee Summer School: Children	100
Emergency Relief Hospitals (2): Beds . .	150
Hospitals: Inpatients Registered	1,824
Hospitals: Outpatient Treatments	106,051
Bombing Victims: Cared for and Fed . . .	1,010



Disrupted mail service, bombings, refugee work have delayed the annual report of the Vicariate of Yüanling. An encouraging increase in converts and in all mission activities is noted. We publish here an account of some of the war activities—which have increased enormously in the past few months since this report was written.



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THE SIGN

HUNAN RELIEF FUND

UNION CITY, N. J.



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The SIGN



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Personal MENTION



Rt. Rev. Edward Hawks

• NOT AS ONE who guesses at a spiritual traveler's difficulties, but as a pilgrim who has made the journey himself, does MONSIGNOR EDWARD HAWKS write of the *Road to Rome*. This time it is not his own story. It is the tale of the late Fr. Paul Francis of the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, whose memory is held in veneration by his community and by tens

of thousands of wayfarers whom he helped.

The author's own life is worthy of special mention. Glamorganshire, England, was his birthplace. After private school courses he studied at the University of London, prepared for Anglican orders in Canada, and practiced the ministry from 1905 to 1908. He was one of twenty clerical converts associated with Monsignor McGarvey. Ordained a priest in 1911, he later served as a chaplain in France with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. Since 1919 he has been rector of St. Joan of Arc Church in Philadelphia, Pa. A contributor to numerous magazines, columnist for eighteen years of the *Catholic Standard and Times*, he has found time to publish two books—*William McGarvey and the Open Pulpit* and *A Pedigree of Protestantism*.

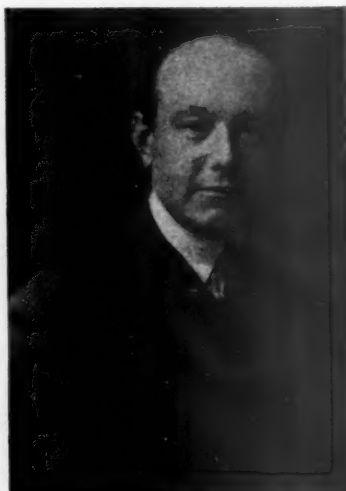
• THROUGH her monthly page in THE SIGN these many years, KATHERINE BURTON has formed a following of loyal readers. We salute her this month on her excellently done work, *His Dear Persuasion*. We predict it will even surpass in popularity her well-received biography of Mother Hawthorne, *Sorrow Built a Bridge*. A notice of her new biography will be found in the Book Review section of the present issue.

• THE FEW SUBSCRIBERS who feel that not enough attention to war reactions in the Allied nations has been given in these pages, will be especially pleased to read this month DOUGLAS WOODRUFF's *War and Religion in England*. This outstanding journalist's description of his fellow countrymen turning to God is a welcome picture in the presence of so much that is unpleasant.



E. M. MacEoin

• WE MUST WARN YOU that *By My Faith* is not a devotional article. It is a stirring piece of fiction by E. M. MACEOIN. Yes, there's a Gaelic ring to the name, but she is really New England born and educated—New Haven, Conn. It is only a short time ago that she became interested in writing for Catholic magazines. If you come across a young lady in Morris Cove, Conn., with a red corps cap (insignia of honorary membership in the "Clan Meuwby" of the University of Fribourg) it will likely be our author.

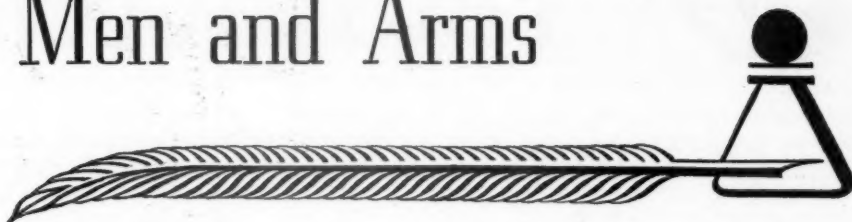


Francis Carty

• ANOTHER INTRODUCTION. FRANCIS CARTY, who will keep you in suspense with his story, *Escape*, is from Wexford, Ireland. His has been a stormy career. Taking part in the struggle for Irish independence, 1916-23, he became Commandant in the I.R.A. He was interned for two years—twenty-eight days of which he spent on a hunger strike. Since 1931 he has been engaged in journalism. His two children will later appreciate that his first novel, *The Irish Volunteer*, was awarded the Tailteann medal. While acting as associate editor of *The Irish Digest*, he has been contributing to various periodicals, at home and abroad, and has published a second novel, *Legion of the Rearguard*.

EDITORIAL

Men and Arms



A BAYONET thrust gouges life out of the enemy; machine gun bullets spray the foe and hardy men crumple into corpses; a shell bursts, and fathers, husbands, sons are blown into horrible pieces; bombs fall upon a town, and women and children scream in helpless agony. The slaughter of the last World War proves that French, German, British, American, Italian munitions are about equally deadly.

The brave men who face each other across the trenches or wait in sheltered dug-outs for the moment of battle have already suffered in their separation from homes and families. It takes nothing from their heroism to suggest that they would be less willing to die if they knew that they were being betrayed.

Suppose that French and English soldiers learned they were to be killed by weapons made possible by French munition makers? Suppose German troops realized that they would go to death because German manufacturers of arms were still trading vital supplies with the French? Those who survived the last war learned of like scandalous, traitorous transactions, such as the French-owned Briey which was spared bombardment. Are they aware that the munition profiteers are again making money from the blood of their countrymen?

THERE will be more revelations along the lines of those published by Frank Hanighen in "Harpers." He notes that behind the Maginot and Siegfried lines and within earshot of artillery duels, trainloads of materials for shells and cannons have passed each other, bound for enemy territory! To the Belgian town of Athus coke comes from the Ruhr mines of northern Germany. Part of it is shipped on to France, part to Luxembourg. To Athus also, from the French mines of Lorraine, comes iron ore—which is shipped on to Germany. A bit puzzling, isn't it?

Journalists have remarked that neither French nor German factories—some equipped to make munitions—have been bombed, though they are within range of the big guns. It may not be the answer, but it is not irrelevant to observe that if the French and Germans blasted these factories they would be destroying

property in which they have mutual interests! While the world hears of a "total war" between the Allies and the Germans, tools, machinery and equipment have been exchanged—since the outbreak of hostilities—between France and Germany.

THERE may be reasons in the minds of French and German leaders for trading in this contraband. But if the news of these activities leaks into the front lines, the job of explaining them to men who are looking into the eyes of death will not be an enviable one. It is possible that this suggestion might come from the men who are keeping vigil:

"Nature has so arranged that we really need each other's help to manufacture goods. Couldn't you keep on trading—but give us bread instead of bombs, tools instead of tanks? Since neutral Luxembourg is a place of bargain, couldn't we, who do the fighting, try it as a place for exchanging plans for peace? We're asking not for loot, but for life. We're not cowards; neither are we fools. If we need each other's iron ore and coke to make weapons—then we just couldn't kill each other if this traffic stopped."

The halting of the machinery of war is not as simple as this—but such honesty would not be lost effort. A little such honesty for us Americans is also in order. We grieved over Finland and raised funds for civilian relief there. With the other hand we accepted money from Soviet Russia and increased enormously our exports to that country.

We wept over China. Lately we have almost forgotten the forty million homeless people who are wandering about their country as a result of the Japanese invasion. While we sighed over the struggle there, we made and sold materials for munitions to Japan.

When we give more thought to the men who are about to die and less to the arms they bear, we shall be much nearer to peace.

Father Theophane Maguire S.J.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

THE limited space in our pages for correspondence does not permit the publication of all the letters we receive. We sincerely appreciate the interest of those

On Differences of Opinion

who go to the effort of expressing themselves on subjects treated in *THE SIGN*—whether in agreement or disagreement. Such wide differences in race, education, and personal opinions exist among our readers that we should be surprised not to arouse varied reactions. At the present moment those reactions are being expressed with great feeling. This is but natural.

What is puzzling to the Catholic editor at times is the violent denunciation of our Press and severance of all connection with it because of one or two articles or editorials. We know quite well that very few readers of any paper or periodical agree with everything they read. They protest—but they do not cease to read. To “blackout” all current literature and news would leave them—except for their radio reports and word-of-mouth information—in ignorance of domestic and world affairs.

Apparently consistency is often outrun by zealous patriotism or racial loyalty. But we are still unable to fathom the logic of those who act on the principle that, in a matter of disagreement, Catholic literature is the first to be dropped. The Japanese a few months ago censored an issue of *THE SIGN* which told of bombings in Hunan. We can realize why they would not want the story of their air raids broadcast. We do not understand why a few of our dissenting readers would like to have our magazine suppressed in countries now at war. They would deprive us of the liberty of opinion which they are fighting to bring back to the people of totalitarian states!

ASTONISHED at the passage of legislation opposed to moral principles, Catholics exclaim “How did it happen? We had no suspicion such powerful forces were

Noted Doctor Blasts Sterilization

at work. They must be highly organized.” The truth is that such legislation does not just happen. Very often the groups who promote it are not strong or numerous. It is just a case of their meeting little consistent opposition to their ceaseless efforts. We hear of immoral, dangerous theories, present our arguments and then forget all about the subject.

So the birth control movement grows in the United States. So too is the quiet campaign for sterilization laws spreading in this country and abroad. It is well to have a reminder about it. Dr. Fink, noted gynecologist of Ottawa, recently chided the Medico-Chirurgical

Society of his city on its ballot regarding the sterilization of the feeble-minded.

After taking the Society to task for its unproven and unscientific medical conclusions on hereditary taints, he forcefully exposes the contradictions and dangers of its questions. To the query, “Are you in favor of sterilization on a voluntary basis?” he answers that a feeble-minded person does not possess voluntariness. “How then, in the name of common sense, can a feeble-minded person assent to a mutilating operation upon himself? If left to the relatives to decide, on what moral grounds would they be authorized to do so?”

Dr. Fink wisely observes that such a law would open the door to unspeakable abuses by unprincipled men and women who would make use of it for convenience or selfishness. If compulsory, the law would strike even more directly at the feeble-minded and permit legislators to trample on the conscientious objections of decent, moral people who might oppose it.

An unpleasant subject—but one which will be forced even more upon our attention when it is too late for us to act, unless we are alert to the energetic activities of those who are promoting it.

WHEN national attention was directed to the President's report on the South as the nation's leading economic problem, Southerners believed that—with

Southern Catholics Tackle Their Problems

proper co-operation from the country at large—they could supply some of the remedies themselves. It was and is a sane view. Material has been gathered and lines of action thought out. Discussion of

these projects will take place in mid-April when twelve Bishops and delegates from thirteen states assemble at Atlanta, Georgia, for the first annual meeting of the Southern Conference on Catholic Activities.

That this gathering intends to avoid generalities and face facts is clear from some of the subjects on its program. Labor and industry in the light of the encyclicals, the Church and the rural South, the Church and the Negro, Catholic education, youth activity, the Press and lay organizations—these topics suggest a practical approach and promise real results.

From these discussions will be shaped policies for trained leadership of Whites and Negroes, a friendlier understanding between Southerners of all creeds, a better social order for the fostering of Christian family life, the protection of farmers and workers from exploitation, wider knowledge of the Church's doctrines and of her support of basic principles.

We believe that once again the South will prove that,

given an opportunity, it has not only the desire but the will and the power to achieve spiritual and material victories. What is done in Atlanta will be followed with interest not only by Southerners but by all Americans. While these problems are their immediate concern, the solution will affect the whole nation, just as the cause lies partly at our doors. Whatever help we can give, when called upon, should be extended graciously, even, gladly.

THE conclusion of peace between Russia and Finland is an event of major importance for the contestants in the European war. Not only does it leave Russia free

to concentrate her energies on sending supplies to her Nazi partner but it closes the Scandinavian peninsula as a possible avenue of ap-

proach for an Allied attack on Germany's northern flank. Furthermore, Germany's supply of much-needed iron ore from Sweden has been rendered secure—at least for some time to come. If, as is possible, the war in the West continues to be a stalemate, with the opposing forces watching one another from behind impregnable defense lines, the scene of military activities may soon shift to the Balkans or the Near East.

In that case it will be essential for the Allies to keep open the Mediterranean route to the East. For either attack or defense in the Balkans or the Near East it would be necessary for Britain and France to ship men and supplies through the Mediterranean. Whether they will be able to do so or not depends on the attitude which Italy takes. Because of her position athwart the Mediterranean, and because of her naval and air strength, Italy could certainly close that sea at the middle as tightly as Britain has it closed at each end.

In view of the importance of the Italians, Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay are probably haunted these days by the ghosts of past political blunders. British and French diplomacy since the World War could not have been more successful in alienating the Italians had it been directed specifically to this purpose. Beginning with the betrayal of Italy after the World War and culminating in the imposition of "Sanctions" in the Ethiopian affair, it succeeded in driving the Italians into the arms of the Nazis.

Today as in 1915 Italy stands at the crossroads. She is being wooed by promises from both sides. Mussolini would not be the politician he is if he did not take advantage of his position to strike a good bargain. And remembering the promises of 1915 in the light of the cold shoulder at Versailles, he will probably demand payment on the line.

IT WOULD be a serious mistake, however, to picture the Italians as swayed wholly by mercenary motives. In our American press Mussolini is often described as an unprincipled politician coldly weighing the offers made to him by the contending parties in the war, or simply waiting to get in at the last minute on the winning side.

As a matter of fact, Italian foreign policy in recent years has been the most consistent and the most intel-

ligent in Europe. It has been aimed at the preservation and spread of the heritage of European culture and the protection of that heritage from the inroads of Asiatic Communism. Hitler secured power under pretense of protecting Germany and Europe from Communism, only to ally himself with the Communists when it became convenient. Mussolini has been and continues to be the implacable enemy of Communism.

Italy's aid to the Nationalists in Spain is one of the best examples of Italian foreign policy. The Italians claimed that the one aim for which they sacrificed men and supplies in Spain was to protect that country and Europe from the inroads of Communism. This contention was met—here and abroad—by sneers and derision. The mere suggestion that a great modern nation would make any sacrifices for an ideal was greeted with guffaws. Mussolini, we were told, had taken over the Balearic Isles and would keep them as a naval base; he would keep a stranglehold on Spanish resources and industries; he would never recall his troops from Spain; Franco would rule Spain as an agent of Mussolini. How false these views were we know today.

It was the blundering foreign policy of the British and French that drove the Italians into partnership with Germany in the Rome-Berlin axis. The Allies can thank the consistently anti-Communist policy of the Italians that the Berlin-Moscow pact has weakened the axis. The Italians never had any particular love for the Germans, and the pact between the Nazis and Communists has considerably reduced the danger that the Allies will find the Italians in the camp of their enemies. A basic re-orientation of their policy toward Italy will prove to their advantage and to that of all Europe.

AN ITALIAN representing Italy at the Lausanne Conference in 1923 declared: "France is displeased with the peace, and she is right. It is a bad peace. The War has not been pushed to its natural consequences. We should have finished it, you French at Berlin, we at Vienna and Budapest. Now

you have been tricked. Germany has the intention of not paying. I foresee the collusion between Bolshevism and German Chauvinism. I do not believe in the resistance of Central Europe, but in the all-powerful strength of our Western civilization, if all its forces unite together. Belgium, France, Italy on the Continent, with England at their side, if she understands her true interests—such is the alliance with which we could resist the baneful influence of the East. In that alliance Italy would have to enter with head held high, like a great Power among her equals."

The man who spoke those words in 1923 was Mussolini, who has over and over again demonstrated that he is the clearest thinking statesman in Europe today. Very few men in 1923 foresaw the future with such clearness and accuracy. Has Mussolini's idea of Italy's role changed? We do not think so. British diplomacy of the Baldwin-Eden type and French diplomacy of the Blum type may have deflected him for a time from his course, but he and his people are still ready to resist the "baneful influence of the East."

Italy and Balance of Power

Seventeen Years Ago —and Now

Italy's Foreign Policy

THE center of gravity of American interest has been moving farther and farther abroad during the past few years. Momentous events have been taking place in Europe and Asia—events which

Americans Look Abroad

The outbreak of war in Europe brought to a climax a trend which had been going on for some time. We have become a nation of kibitzers in foreign affairs—of arm-chair generals, of amateur admirals, and of corner-store diplomats.

None of this is harmful to us, nor helpful to others, as long as it is kept within bounds. It is a manifestation of a very natural tendency to forget our own difficulties. In our sympathy for the Czechs, the Poles, the Finns, and the Chinese, we overlook the fact that we have some tough problems right here on our own doorstep. There is the unemployment problem—we don't even know how many are unemployed, how many of these are employable, nor how to find jobs for them. Business lags and the anticipated war boom has so far failed to make its appearance. There is a grave agricultural situation, a rising national debt that threatens to go over the \$45,000,000,000 limit, an increase in taxes that threatens to paralyze all initiative. We have WPA workers, share-croppers, and migratory workers. We have a variety of problems—all demanding our immediate attention.

Perhaps the Presidential campaign will call us to our senses and stir us from our lethargy. Soon the welkin will ring with accusations and counter-accusations, with boasts of what has been accomplished and denunciations of what has been left undone. Perhaps the center of gravity of our interest will swing back again toward our own shores. If the campaign we are about to endure accomplishes that, it will have had at least one good effect.

THE hope of nations rests with their leaders. If those leaders lie to their people and betray the trust placed in them, anarchy and dissolution ensue. We have just

Leaders of the Church

How brightly glows that hope, and how confidently men of religious faith lift up their heads and set their eyes upon the leaders placed over them by the hand of God!

Pope Pius XII, now gloriously reigning as the spiritual head of more than 300,000,000 souls, is bending every effort in a world on fire with war to the promotion of Peace as the work of Justice.

In our own beloved country, the conferring of the pallium on Archbishop Spellman, the appointment of Archbishop Stritch to the See of Chicago, and the appointment of Archbishop Kiley to the See of Milwaukee will have a striking effect on the lives of millions.

Singularly spiritual minded and their eyes fixed on God—these great leaders dedicate their lives to the humanitarian welfare of their people, to their spiritual sanctification, and to the defense of their freedom.

Men who believe as they do in the fundamental goodness of human beings and who give their lives in singleness of purpose to protecting and sanctifying that goodness, bring great hope to the heart of humanity so sorely beset in these days by lying leaders.

To Archbishop Spellman, Archbishop Stritch, and Archbishop Kiley go the prayers of millions all over the land, and to His Holiness, Our Holy Father, the prayerful gratitude of the children of the Church in America for the men of God whom he has set as their leaders.

It is gratifying to record the tide of protest raised in New York City to the appointment by the Board of Higher Education of Bertrand Russell to the philosophy department of City College. The Board had

Russell Appointment Protested

unanimously approved the appointment for a period of two years at an annual salary of \$8,000. Bertrand Russell, as the newspapers always point out when discussing the appointment, is Earl Russell of the British peerage, but he prefers to be called simply Mr. Russell.

Bishop Manning of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York was the first to question Russell's appointment. He protested that Russell's views on moral matters, especially marriage and sex, were not only offensive to Christians and God-fearing people generally, but his recommendation of adultery was contrary to the law of the land. Catholic and Protestant individuals and societies followed the action of Bishop Manning.

Mr. Russell's views about sex and marriage have been published, so there is no doubt about them. He recommends promiscuity among students of coeducational colleges, such as City College. He writes, "I am sure that university life would be better, both intellectually and morally, if most university students had temporary marriages. This would afford a solution of the sexual urge neither restless nor surreptitious, neither mercenary nor casual, and of such a nature that it need not take up time which ought to be given to work." He advises sexual relations before marriage, even of the "companionate" kind. "I should not hold it desirable that either a man or a woman should enter upon the serious business of a marriage intended to lead to children without having had previous sexual experience." As to adultery, Mr. Russell holds that it is not only unobjectionable but often desirable, for example, when a husband is away for some time. "Infidelity in such circumstances ought to form no barrier whatever to subsequent happiness. . . . The psychology of adultery has been falsified by conventional morals." He admires the Soviet Union because it determines sexual ethics and sexual institutions by "rational considerations." His own married life is a confirmation of his views, for he was divorced for adultery.

This is the type of man who has been appointed to teach higher mathematics, logic, and philosophy. The Board of Higher Education should have been a little more interested in investigating his degrading morals. But the claim was made that his moral views would not in any way hinder his usefulness as a teacher of mathematics, logic, and philosophy. No? That would be a kind of minor miracle for a man of his character.

What Sells the Best Sellers?

By JOHN S. KENNEDY



WHAT makes a book a best seller? Is it literary worth solely, chiefly, or at all? A careful reading of eight novels now at the top of the fiction list makes one suspect that literary worth has little indeed to do with their commercial success. There are many factors contributing to their popularity: author's reputation (literary or personal), timely theme, sensationalism, freakishness, to name only a few. But there are two factors chiefly responsible for their transient eminence. One is advertising, the other the lack of critical competence and the low standards of judgment evident in the bulk of book reviews.

Fear-Conditioning of the mass mind is a common advertising trick. The promoters of literature are not above it. Have you met Adam Philistine? This, I am sure, must be the name of that hapless man intro-

duced to us in some recent book-club advertising.

God help him, he's out of it, and no doubt about it. He is physically part of a group of well-dressed people bonelessly draped on ultra-modern furniture. The men have that lean look which, in advertisements, always marks "the right people." The women have that animated look, compound of one part intelligence to nine parts cosmetics. A highly civilized conversation about books is in progress, doubtlessly touched off by that ever-stimulating question, "Have you read any good books lately?" "Any" and "good" here mean the latest books; to be more specific, the best sellers.

But our bilious-looking friend is out of it. There is desperation in his haggard face, and chagrin. No, it has not been caused by an insuperable dessert. It seems that he has not read any of these best sellers. The presumption is that he can read, or what would he be doing in company so dazzling? But the fact is that he has not read the latest crop of evanescent masterpieces. So all he can do is blow his nose, examine his fingernails, or regulate his watch. The only contribution he can make to the swirl of phosphorescent talk is an occasional tentative observation about the weather, or some such inane question as "Morley? Anything to that short fellow who used to work at the sausage factory?"

Advertising of this stripe drives uncounted thousands to do all kinds of things which they find unprofitable, sometimes harmful. Will using Adoro cream transform a face which can only be called appalling, into a mask of classic beauty? Will liberal dousing with Zephyr perfume at-

tract a swarm of ardent suitors to a wall-eyed wallflower? Will reading this or that book make a lisping moron an eloquent and expert talker on foreign affairs or changing morals? The answer obviously is: No. But clever advertising can make people think that the answer is: Yes.

Hence most modern business uses this questionable method. And most publishers are merely business men whose line of goods happens to be books. They are not selfless high priests of literature. They have something to sell and they mean to sell it.

The second major factor contributing to the making of best sellers is the bouncing, blind enthusiasm of the so-called critics for certain stock products. These boys and girls resemble a well-drilled, tireless cheering section. "Veritable masterpiece," "modern classic," "great human document," and "required reading" are only the positive degree for them. They write with a great show of omniscience of a great variety of books: novels dealing with African gold miners, Renaissance scholars and scoundrels, abnormal psychology, race problems, high life, low life, religion, war, and so forth. They are reverent to faddist writing, as witness their breathless genuflections to a book which utterly baffled them, *Finnegan's Wake*. They are suspicious of special pleading in any propagandist novel, from which category are exempted fiction-veneered arguments for Marxism, birth control, divorce, and the like. And, first, last, and always, they dread being considered prudish.

Catholics are not immune to the influences which sway their neighbors. They are not only in the world,

but, increasingly, of the world. Their opinions of social movements, moral aberrations, motion pictures, plays, magazines, are much the same as the stereotyped opinions of others. So, too, with their opinions of books. Influenced by the same advertising, the same critical opinion, they do not like to be out of the swim; hence they go along with the crowd, dragged by the cry, "The water's fine," when it is really foul, or that other cry, "Last one in's a misfit," when staying on shore is the only way of avoiding drowning.

Will anyone be a misfit if he ignores the tumult and passes up the eight novels of which I spoke above? Is reading these best sellers essential to cultural advancement? Are they great books? Is one out of touch with literature and life, if one does not read them and join the hallelujah chorus?

Let us answer these questions by a quick glance at each book.

Leading all other novels is *Kitty Foyle* by Christopher Morley. This is the first of Mr. Morley's novels to achieve such popularity; the first, too, to feature immorality, blasphemy, and general vulgarity. The commercial success of this book is not hard to explain. For it is blatantly romantic in the cinematic manner. Kitty is a girl of moderate means who has to work for a living. This enables the great bulk of best-seller readers, namely middle-class young girls and old girls who stopped growing emotionally at nineteen, to identify themselves with Kitty. The hero (to do him greater credit than he deserves) is a Princeton man, handsome, overwhelmingly well bred, and rich. He has gray eyes which sometimes turn silver green. He has a fine chest, fine shoulders. He is breath-taking in old flannels and a cricket blazer. Errol Flynn in Philadelphia, all the girls imagine. He is not overbright (compensation, this is called); his spelling is wretched. Kitty is going to educate him. She thinks of him as "Darling. . . My blessed. My boy." Please, Mr. Morley; the girls are swooning all over the place.

Without a qualm, Kitty becomes Wyn's mistress. "Maybe I just haven't any moral sense," she thinks. "But I couldn't feel any kind of wrongness. I did what I had to do. . . It was goodness itself." Wyn says he wants to marry Kitty, but his

declaration lacks conviction, because he takes no decisive action and is easily dissuaded from his alleged purpose. He marries one of his own kind, after Kitty makes the conventional gallant sacrifice.

The story reads like a collaboration by Kathleen Norris and Ernest Hemingway, with typical Morleyisms sprinkled over it. It is a sea of sentimentality with depth bomb shocks carefully planted at regular intervals and vagrant breezes of wit blowing over it.

The expletive "Jesusgod" is used exactly forty times, about once to every eight pages. I have long wondered just how long it would take naturalism to get around to picture toilet-going. With the publication of *Kitty Foyle* this memorable artistic milestone has been reached.

THE answer to criticism of this novel will be: it is not Morley speaking, it is Kitty. And Kitty, said one reviewer, is a real, a typical American girl. But the fact is that Morley speaks on every page. Many of Kitty's observations are wholly out of character. Sometimes her talk is slangy, ungrammatical, clothed in flea-bitten clichés. Sometimes it is witty in a way far beyond Kitty's indicated capacity, or highly poetic, or clothed in philosophical periods. In the latter instances, which are very numerous, it is evident that Kitty is simply soundlessly working her jaws; it is Morley who does the talking.

Kitty Foyle is moral in the sense that retribution overtakes the heroine. But neither Kitty nor, more important, the author recognizes it as retribution. It is, rather, a tough break, a dirty deal. It is clearly established that Kitty's heaven, her only possible heaven, is in Wyn's arms, with or without benefit of clergy. The fact that she does not stay there is so presented as to evoke from the reader nothing but regret.

This book is unoriginal in plot; it has as many unlikely coincidences as Hitler has haters; it strains to shock; its narrative technique is interesting, but far from wholly successful; it has some well-done minor characters; it is now and again truly witty, ironical, whimsical. But it adds up to a fraction of a great novel, and an improper fraction at that.

Next on the list is *The Nazarene*,

Sholem Asch's "novel based on the life of Christ." *The Nazarene* has a fake majesty and a pseudo-reverence which cannot atone for its bold and irreverent distortion of fact. The author presumes to improve on the historically authentic Gospels. He has manufactured an abundance of apocryphal detail, while suppressing many crucial elements in the story of Christ and distorting others.

All indications of the divinity of Christ have been carefully eliminated. Joseph is His father; Mary sees a strange light about the stable in Bethlehem, whereas Joseph sees nothing; Simeon's prophecy is merely a statement which he makes of every child brought to the Temple; Joseph and Mary have other children; Mary urges Christ to marry; Christ's miracles are wholly dependent on the faith of others; His power of miracles comes and goes; Christ's walking on the waters is a hallucination of Peter's, who is given to such imaginings shared by no one else; the Resurrection is passed off as a rumor. And so forth.

Christ does not found a Church. Peter's confession at Caesarea Philippi is emasculated, and Christ's reply to it ends with the words, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee but our [not "my"] father who is in heaven." Christ's designation of Peter as the rock is reduced to a mere figure of speech, to give point to which, similar figures are applied to James and John: "This is the rock upon which I stand, and Jacob is the staff on which I lean, and Jochanan is the trumpet through which I call." The author is at pains to establish the non-existence of anything like a distinctive Christian Church in Jerusalem after Christ's death: "Persecute them? . . . What for? What difference was there between us and them that we should persecute them?"

The Nazarene has been called a masterpiece, as what book is not in these days of superlativitis? Surely it is not a masterpiece from the point of view of literary technique. Sholem Asch can write, and well too, on occasion. But he runs to plushy prose. His style is overstuffed. The Gospels are preferable to his work not only on the ground of accuracy, but also on the ground of style. Their style is incisive; his is otiose. He takes an incident which the Gospels present unforgettably clearly in a sentence

or two, and proceeds to smother it in pages of purple patches. The Gospels are vivid exposition; *The Nazarene* is labored concealment.

A word must be said of Asch's representation of Christ's relations with the Jews of His day. He pictures the Jews as guiltless of the blood of Christ. Christ's destruction is all the work of the Romans, more especially of a band of utterly brutal German soldiers. The crudeness, the ferocity, the unscrupulousness of these Germans have, of course, contemporary relevance. The present conflict between the Nazis and the Jews is foreshadowed in *The Nazarene*. And the leader of the Germans is a certain Hermanus, "a man with an evil face and cold, murderous eyes. He was the terror of the Jews." There can scarcely be a reader who does not say to himself, "Goering's name is Hermann, isn't it?"

The Nazarene is neither the story of Christ nor a piece of great writing. Why, then, should it be considered "required reading"?

No Arms, No Armour by Robert Henriques is the International Prize Winner in the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition. "Perhaps, a few months hence," said the *New York Times* review, "we shall be thinking of it as a great novel." A few months hence we shall not be thinking of it at all, and no perhaps about it.

No Arms, No Armour tells of the evolution of consciousness in one Tubby Windrush, a soldier in the English army. As the book begins, Tubby is simply vegetating. A gentleman and an officer, he has a magnificent body. He is glowingly alive, but only in a somatic sense. His absorbing interest is athletic. But three disturbing influences enter his life: Sammy, Daddy, and Lydia. They try to stir in his superb person the fires of divine discontent. By scourging him with platitudes and with the aid of an accident, they get him started on a quest for reality.

The quest goes on for 373 pages, pages of interminable, repetitious, and generally soggy conversation and reflection. By page 373 Tubby is at last awake, but the reader is very likely fast asleep.

This is no spiritual adventure, because some of the stages, and latter stages, too,

in Tubby's education are decidedly carnal. His going to bed with another officer's wife is an essential step in his progress. Near the end he meets an ex-officer who has achieved awareness, and who, having achieved that sublime state, takes a native mistress. One of Tubby's mentors in courage commits suicide. And the book closes with Tubby back in the arms of the beautiful Lydia, who is so fine, so noble that, not long before, she seriously considered marrying a man she did not love.

And if this is no spiritual adventure, it is nothing, for its story is negligible. The standards of awareness held up by Major Henriques are arbitrary, if not downright snobbish. One evidence of Tubby's pitiable emptiness is his ignorance of Manet and Renoir. One can lead a life spiritually full without knowing that these French artists ever existed.

Three things may account for the large sale of this saw-dust creation. The first is the fact of its winning an international prize. "It must be good," the innocent reason, "because it got an international award." The second is its reputation for philo-

sophical meaning. It is no more profound than a soup plate. But that does not matter so long as the book has been publicized as profound. One must always remember that, with the mass mind, shadow always counts for more than substance. The third is the section dealing with a homosexual scandal, which no reviewer failed to mention. This salting of sensationalism may be the chief element in accounting for the public demand for *No Arms, No Armour*.

The Grapes of Wrath is now pretty well known to all. Therefore it need not here be fully treated. The obscenity which marks this stirring story has been criticized by writers as unfinicky as Burton Rascoe and H. L. Mencken. Mr. Mencken hit the Communist propaganda which is no organic part of the story but parenthetical matter detrimental to unity. Mr. Rascoe said that the filth was dragged in by the heels.

Mr. Steinbeck is an extraordinarily gifted writer, though not yet a great writer. He has the ability to wring hearts and incite indignation. The plight of the Okies is tragic and he conveys it with force. But are all these people sub-human? Are they all degenerates? Is their immorality as inevitable as this book suggests? Have they no free will? Misery can and does occasion immorality, but does misery cause immorality?

Is the book's popularity due wholly or mostly to its social message? I know prosperous people who read the book avidly, but who would not lift a finger to assist a destitute, yes, a starving family in their own city. *Factories in the Fields*, a very readable and a far more complete and damning picture of the migratory workers' plight never reached the best-seller

list. Why? Because, though sensational in its harrowing revelations, it was not sensational sexually.

To my mind the chief fault of *The Grapes of Wrath* is not its ugly words or its brutal scenes, but rather its casual assumption that indecency is



as natural as breathing or the beating of the heart. It is this philosophy of morality which makes it a bad book and which will, in some measure, infect every uncritical reader.

Robert Nathan's *Portrait of Jenny* is escape literature done in pastels. Whatever Mr. Nathan writes is deftly done. His prose is expertly articulated. But *Portrait of Jenny* is pale and pixyish. Its fragility, its wishful thinking, have been mistaken for spiritual beauty. It has little of the haunting quality of the great literature of its type. Its mystery is teasing rather than intriguing. Reading it will not harm anyone; no more will missing it.

THE Macmillan Company has thrown considerable resources into pushing *How Green Was My Valley*, Richard Llewellyn's tale of Welsh miners. It is almost at the top of the best-seller heap. Some time ago it was announced in *The Publisher's Weekly* that an unusually large sum had been earmarked for publicizing this novel. The reviews have not been ecstatic, but the advertising is beginning to tell. *How Green Was My Valley* is reasonably effective story-telling. The plot consists of the regular, almost mechanical, repetition of certain stock situations. The writing is competent, no more, although its pseudo-lyric style will entrance the pseudo-literary. The characterization is two-dimensional.

The miners' struggle against the depression and for collective bargaining gives this novel some social significance, but the Communist agitators and their glib talk get short shrift. We were told that the huge sale of *The Grapes of Wrath* proved the public's interest in a particular economic theory. Now *How Green Was My Valley* forges ahead to the place vacated by the former novel, and the newer book is critical of that very theory. If this proves anything, it is that social significance is largely lost on readers of novels and therefore filth offered in the name of social significance has not even the justification that it might rouse the public to action.

No more has filth offered in the name of philosophy. I speak of *After Many A Summer Dies the Swan* by Aldous Huxley. Nobody writes novels quite like those of Mr. Huxley. His novels are, of course not novels

at all. His characters are caricatured types, forced together to illustrate a series of ideas, rather than persons coming together to live out a series of situations. They are the bizarre denizens of a nightmare. They are symbols in a sexual fantasy with a background of tenuous notions representing the latest stage in Mr. Huxley's philosophical gropings.

Mr. Huxley's themes are morbid, his style mordant. There is perversity in his view of humanity, near-perversion in his reflection of it. A series of exorcisms would be required to free this unique talent from the realm of shadows in which it is caught. The latest Huxley offering is high on the best-seller list, not because of its philosophy which is specious and tedious, but because of its nastiness.

Little need be said of *Escape* by Ethel Vance. It is the most over-rated book of the year. It tells of the efforts of a young artist, Mark Preysing, to get his mother, the actress Emmy Ritter, out of the clutches of a dictator country, obviously Germany, before she is executed. For suspense, for the power to induce terror in the reader, it cannot compare with Graham Greene's largely unappreciated *The Confidential Agent*. And it is not nearly so well written as the latter novel, which is a model of tautly economic prose. *Escape* is spiced with immorality, detailed and suggested. And it got superlative notices. Lewis Gannett wrote of it in the *New York Herald Tribune*, "The best novel I have read since *The Grapes of Wrath*."

Mr. Gannett went even further in praising *Native Son* by Richard Wright. "It is *The Grapes of Wrath* of 1940," he wrote. This article deals only with present best sellers, in which category *Native Son* does not belong at the time I write. But I am sure that it will distance most of the present leaders before this appears in print. It has received what can only be called "rave" notices. The work of a gifted young Negro, it is a study of a poor, inarticulate, confused Negro boy in frenzied revolt against the world of white oppressors. It is quite unlike anything published for some time. It packs a punch and states a great problem in dramatic fashion.

But again I doubt that its social message, which is genuine, will be the reason for its inevitable popular-

ity. That will be due rather to its sensational passages, which are as shocking as anything most readers have ever encountered. The boy's manhandling of the rich white girl, his destruction of her dead body, the scenes with the Negro girl whom he does not love but whom he uses to satisfy his passion, and his sickening murder of the latter—these will draw purchasers as a sugar bowl draws flies. It will not be the unraveling of the causes which made Bigger Thomas what he was, that will sell this book, but what a bookseller described to me as "its rough stuff."

If you doubt that "rough stuff" is a selling point, you are at odds with many publishers. Watch the progress of Stephen Longstreet's *Decade*, another novel just launched. Here is a wholly spurious literary production which, as Clifton Fadiman has said, seems to have been deliberately manufactured with an eye to commercial success. Its artistic value is nil. It is a painstaking gathering of all the familiar ingredients which make for a peppery brew. A *New York Times* advertisement for *Decade* is made up of excerpts from the reviews. You have the answer to a great deal of the best-seller question when you read: "Lewd . . . a sure best seller from the word 'go'."

I HAVE to leave the fiction field to make a final point: namely, that there are freak elements, having nothing to do with literary values, which often account for a best seller. My example is the leader in the non-fiction field, *A Smattering of Ignorance* by Oscar Levant. This is a ham sandwich made by one of the stand-bys on the popular "Information Please" radio program. A ham sandwich, I call it, for it consists of a number of indifferent anecdotes about people in the show business slapped between two rather good chapters.

The success of *A Smattering of Ignorance* is the direct result of the author's participation in a well-liked radio program. The success of most best sellers has just about as much connection with literary worth.

The best-seller phenomenon is painful evidence of the ease with which the public can be stampeded. Catholics, particularly educated Catholics, ought to be able to withstand such pressure. I rather fear they are not.

War and Religion In England

By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

ANYONE who remembers England in the years 1914 to 1918 must be struck by the different spirit which war in 1939 has discovered in the people. To put the point as plainly and succinctly as possible, we may say that every war, being a time of strain and suffering, may be expected to rekindle religious faith, that there was such a rekindling in 1914 (including many conversions to Catholicism) and there is a rekindling again today; but there is a great difference.

The war of 1914 came after a century of ever-increasing British industrial growth. The country was not only immensely rich, but it had a sense of security about its riches. People looked forward to the twentieth century as bound to continue in the footsteps of the nineteenth, to make men richer yet, more in command of the resources of the earth, forever growing in knowledge and power, and, it was believed, in goodness. The war against the central Powers was thought of as only an interruption—at first as a short interruption, to the plainly discernible outline of the new century.

Outside the Catholics in England, the belief in progress was almost universal, and most Protestant ministers did not question it, but urged religion upon the indifferent masses as something which would prove a most powerful aid to the best kind of progress. To build the new Jerusalem, here in England's green and pleasant land, was the great aspiration with which innumerable sermons and religious gatherings ended.

What was then fashionable was what we can call Evolutionary Christianity, profoundly influenced by the Victorian evolutionists, Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer. The ordi-



nary man in the street, receiving the teachings of these thinkers in crude slogans, took for granted that there was perpetual change for the better, brought about by "the survival of the fittest." He no longer accepted the authority of the Bible or the National Church, and he had a great distrust of the Catholic Church and the Papacy as a foreign institution impairing the full sovereignty of the nation.

He was aware that there existed under the free working of supply and demand a great deal of extreme poverty in what was, next to the United States, the richest nation in the world. His conscience was not easy if anyone told him that this poverty was necessary, and merely the survival of the fittest at work. He could see that those who survived in business life were not necessarily the higher types, that many unadmirable qualities like callousness and extreme selfishness or a lack of any other interests might prove to have a high survival value.

There was a widespread feeling in favor of State Social Services, and

many of them, like the Old Age Pensions and Unemployment Insurance, were introduced in the years just before the war. These Services and their extensions to help the mass of poor town-dwelling Englishmen, were the "practical Christianity" which was the doctrine most commonly preached and valued in the chapels of the Nonconformists, who were not members of the Church of England, and in many pulpits of the Church of England as well.

It was all very amiable and well-intentioned and humane. It was true and important as far as it went. But it did mark the ascendancy of materialist values in a materialist age. All the

emphasis was laid on the love of one's neighbor, and little or none on the worship and love of God, or sin, or the Four Last Things, which, in the tradition of Christianity, a Christian must have ever before his eyes.

Today there is a marked return to the older and sterner doctrines. The sense of sin has returned with the final exposure of the complacency and optimism about the future of mankind. The unbelievers who used to attack religion as standing in the way of man's glorious future are today the worst pessimists. Mr. H. G. Wells, who led the vanguard of those who despised the past, were impatient with the present, and placed all their hopes and interests in the future, has chosen for the title of his latest and gloomiest prophesies *The Fate of Homo Sapiens*. They have had, indeed, disappointment after disappointment. The Peace Settlement, the League of Nations, the course of English politics and the failure of the Liberal or Labour Parties to conquer or use power, and lastly, the inescapable evidence that what they had hoped,

in their simplicity, was going to prove a great new civilization in Russia had quickly become a particularly vile and horrible form of Oriental despotism.

These events, on the plane of historical happenings, reinforced the doubts about man's natural goodness and self-sufficiency which were known as the post-war disillusion in the field of letters. The nineteen-twenties in England were a time of peace and plenty, a wonderful time by comparison with the years that followed the world economic crisis of 1929-31. But their mood was one of pessimism and futility among young men who lacked religious belief and doubted the value of secular political or philanthropic effort. The poet who had expressed for them so well their sense of their existence as random and pointless and doomed, T. S. Eliot, was himself saved by being a Christian, in that part of the Church of England nearest in doctrinal attitude to Catholicism. But it was not for his religion that he was followed but for his power of expressing in contemporary and vivid images and phrases what the intellectuals without faith felt about contemporary human life.

Today only the very young and naïve are found still talking the old confident language about man making his world to his liking, and original sin is not so readily dismissed as a gloomy figment of the priestly imagination. There is an altogether less arrogant attitude toward the past, as it is found not so easy after all to do much better than our fathers. There is even a recognition that the earth is not only not heaven, but that it is not intended to be, that its essential nature is, and must be, to be imperfect, a place of effort and struggle, since men are built for action and not for rest.

In the Church of England it is now notable how the younger generation of the clergy feel a gulf between themselves and the optimism of the older generation. The younger men hold and preach the Christian religion in terms much nearer to those of the Catholic Catechism, as the working out of individual and not collective salvation, and "in fear and trembling". The Last Judgment, which played no part in the typical addresses of important divines a generation ago, has returned to the pulpit, and it is no longer

thought morbid and unreal to think of men as sinners, for whom it is more important that their sins should be forgiven them than that they should take up their beds and walk.

This movement of return to the full orthodoxy of historical Christianity marks the end, we may think, of a vast digression, extending over the best part of a hundred years, the era of Liberal theology. Outside the religious field there is a rather parallel movement to be observed, a kind of general stock-taking by people who, in the easy days of peace, had lived very much in and on catch words and slogans. Immediately on the declaration of war England became a highly authoritarian state in which everything is closely regulated. We understand that this is necessary for the waging of modern war, but the transition has brought home to people how much in the old order was really accidental and luxurious.

So conscription, which no politician dared mention for a hundred years following the fall of Napoleon, and which was only achieved in the war of 1914 after two and a half years, became the law of the land last summer without opposition, and has been accepted as not only necessary but right. So in the world of political ideas men are learning to distinguish between the real essentials of a civilized society and the inessential privileges, like complete freedom of printing and speaking, which have to submit to curtailment in war, but whose absence, while it would be regretted, would be seen to be a loss of a different kind to the loss of more universal and fundamental personal rights, of a kind which affect all citizens, and not only the small minority who write or speak in public.

In short, the change-over to war conditions has brought home to people how much unreality there was in the political idealism which was an aftermath of the last war. Too many people in England anxious to call themselves progressive, developed a bias in favor of any sort of change because it was change, and against existing institutions and customs. They were enthusiasts for a new international order, while continuing to oppose the Papacy as something

international and foreign. Many of them would at once agree if asked whether the world did not need an independent exponent of the moral law outside and above nations and peoples, and they can be led in argument very quickly into the position of defending an institution wielding the powers of the medieval papacy, of Hildebrand and Innocent III. Only when the name Papacy is mentioned do they change color and hastily disentangle themselves. Their objection, in short, is an historical inheritance and an emotional atavistic reaction, not a logical objection.

The League of Nations found its keenest supporters among English idealists, who were trying to replace in the Europe of sovereign states the gap left by the disappearance from the international field of the medieval papacy. They made enthusiasm for the League a kind of secular and humanitarian religion. Today it can be seen in how many cases such people were deceived. The League and Soviet Russia are outstanding instances. English people let themselves be misled by names and words, and only learn by experience that the realities were very different, that the League was but part of the machinery of the Versailles settlement, and collapsed as Europe reached a fresh stage in its history, while the Soviet only talked about democracy and peace in order to make dupes of the simple idealists who would respond to such words.

The British people today are rid of these illusions; the Catholics among them have the consolation of seeing many of their countrymen, hitherto indifferent to the persecution of religion, at long last realizing what are the real bases on which the civilized life of Europe rests, and that religion, doctrinal and institutional, is the foundation stone of the edifice they are now concerned to save.

These are some of the changes which are due to the impact of the new war on the religious thought of the English people. There can be no doubt that there will be further modification as the war, and the suffering and sacrifices it entails, goes on. The general tendency to forsake comfortable liberal theorizings for the solid, if at times unpleasant but basic truths of religion should bear fruit in many conversions to the Catholic Church.

Inside Washington

By JOSEPH F. THORNING



Mary T. Norton, Chairman of the House Labor Committee

THE lines are drawn for a knock-down, drag-out fight on the labor issue. At previous sessions of the Congress, every effort to amend the Wagner Act has been nipped in the bud, that is to say, it has been frustrated by the House Labor Committee headed by Representative Mary T. Norton, chairman. Mrs. Norton knows her own mind on this question and is unyielding in her determination that the Congress is not to be allowed a Roman holiday at the expense of the workingman. And she is supported in her position by a majority of her committee.

How skillful has been the campaign to modify the National Labor Relations Act must be apparent from the record of public hearings before the special committee, headed by Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia, whose function it has been to fix attention upon alleged favoritism in the administration of the law. This campaign reached a dra-

matic climax in the Smith committee's majority report recommending twenty-one changes in the Act. It should be noted that Howard W. Smith is a conservative Southern Democrat, and that he is strongly supported by Representative Gene Cox, ranking majority member of the Rules Committee. Most of the Northern Democrats are on the other side of the barricade, lending aid and comfort to Mrs. Norton. It is an intra-party fight, with the Republicans eager to fan the flames of revolt.

An influential member of the House Labor Committee, the Hon. Arthur D. Healey of Massachusetts, summarized for me the views of those who wish to retain the present legislation. He declared: "This is just

another phase of the battle between the Old Deal and the New Deal. Ever since passage of the Wagner Act, labor organization has increased apace; the worker meets his employer on a somewhat equal footing; his job is more secure; his right to a hearing, in case of discharge, is guaranteed. To be sure, the administration of the Act has not been perfect; reasonable amendments would be in order. But our attitude toward collective bargaining should not be doubtful. Why shouldn't the Government show encouragement to labor unions? A purely negative position would nullify the gains of the past seven years. Deep down in his heart, every member of the Congress is either for or against unionization. That factor must determine votes on the amendments."

Privately, most Senators and Representatives will acknowledge that the Smith special committee "rang the bell" in advocating that the prosecuting, administrative, and judicial functions of the National Labor Relations Board should be separated. Congressmen still think in terms of their legal education and they see the advantages of a new system or set-up, in which an administrator would handle investigations and prosecutions, with the board itself sitting in the capacity of judge. Congressional leaders also favor the usual rules of evidence in the conduct of board hearings.

On the other hand, few are inclined to believe that the courts should have the power to review Labor Board decisions in representa-



Senators Carl Hatch and Sherman Minton, who opposed one another on the Hatch Bill

tion cases. In this connection, one of the ablest lawyers in the House remarked: "Indiscriminate use of the labor injunction is a bitter memory of union leaders. The workingman knows what it is to face a battery of high-priced attorneys. Hailed into court to justify a strike or picket-line, the union man feels like Rastus called upon to explain, in a literacy test for voting in the South, the exact meaning of 'ex post facto laws and primogeniture and entail.' That 'means that this here nigger ain't goin' to get no vote!'"

Of course, in the current crisis the whole labor position is weakened by the civil war between John L. Lewis and William Green. These two high-salaried officials represent a loss of at least one hundred votes for their cause in the Congress. United, Lewis and Green could postpone consideration of the "emasculatory" Wagner Act amendments until the Greek calends. Divided, they are a twin liability for both the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. Except for the unfortunate difference between these two personalities, the Republican Party members would not dare to play the game of partisan politics with the labor issue. After all, the G.O.P. would like to carry the pivotal States of Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York.

A veteran leader in the Senate crystallized this view for me in the following words: "If John Lewis and Bill Green would resign tomorrow, the Wagner Act would be subject to orderly, non-partisan modification. In other words, the labor groups themselves would write the new legislation. As for fresh blood on the board itself, that can wait on automatic retirement rules or another Administration, whether Democratic or Republican. The National Labor Relations Board is much like the Supreme Court; it follows the election returns and can interpret as well as judge."

One of the most interesting amendments proposed by the Smith special committee is one which would forbid the board to reinstate workers who willfully engage in violence, or unlawful seizure, or destruction of property. Obviously, this is directed against the technique of the sit-down strike. A death's head at every meeting of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the National

Association of Manufacturers, this radical labor method is marked down on the list of things that "must be eliminated." The big business men are out to "purge" the sit-down technique, lock, stock, and barrel. They want irresistible legal power to deal with the union occupation of plants and factories. They won't feel secure in their goods and chattels until they are able to employ bayonets to expel striking employees. Their stand is epitomized by a Southern Senator who stated: "The elevation of the Hon. Frank Murphy to the Supreme bench did not settle the morality of the sit-down seizure of private property. Legally, the question is open. Consequently, the fight enters the domain of politics."

The reaction of labor leaders in the capital has been prompt and vigorous. They have served notice on Congressional waverers that penalties will be imposed at the polls next November, in case any attempt is made to outlaw a most effective labor weapon. They are quick to point out that workers have "a vested right in their jobs" and are resolved to defeat any moves to circumscribe that right. Both sides agree that it will be difficult to find an acceptable compromise on this point.

NO SOLUTION is in sight for the problem of minority representation in bargaining units, where competing unions vie for leadership. Under the Smith amendments, employers could demand an election to determine employee representatives. Hearings on such a motion would be mandatory upon application by a specified percentage of workers. Having verified the facts in the case, the board would then be authorized to take a secret ballot of employees in the petitioning unit, and by order certify the representative or representatives for collective bargaining that have been chosen by a majority of the workers voting.

Another quilled porcupine is the personnel of the National Labor Relations Board. In private conversation, a good many Congressmen will admit that this is their most serious grievance. Very few, however, will state this objection openly. In order to attain the objective desired by many, without naming the culprits, Chairman Howard W. Smith of the

special investigating committee, proposes the creation of a completely new Labor Relations Board of three members. In some countries this would be called "liquidation" of personnel; here it is referred to as "reorganization."

Another issue that cuts straight across party lines is the movement to eliminate politics from State as well as national official circles. Political activities by Federal employees are already under legal control as a result of the passage of the original measure sponsored by Senator Carl A. Hatch of New Mexico. It is well known that in several States contributions, totaling two per cent of an employee's annual salary, are levied upon every officeholder. The State machines, fearing the domination of the national organizations, are glad enough to see curbs on the Federal workers, but eager to resist measures that would hamper their own money-raising schemes. The latest reform move is an effort to control political activities of State employees paid in part from Federal funds.

Senators closely allied with the local machines were loud in their protests against Senator Hatch's drive to clamp down on politics-patronage in the individual States. The legislation, surviving unprecedented handicaps, attracted increasing support, shook off crippling amendments and left opposing Senators like Sherman Minton of Indiana and Claude Pepper of Florida, gasping at the mounting votes registered against them.

This fight for "clean politics" spotlighted the integrity of the majority leader, Senator Alben Barkley, who on some roll-calls was deserted by fully two-thirds of his own party. The gentleman from Kentucky, defeating every parliamentary ruse and trick of his opponents, threatened to resign his leadership rather than call a caucus which would have bound all Democrats to team up against the Hatch amendment. As a result of this fight, Senator Barkley was more frequently mentioned as a dark-horse candidate for the Presidency.

One of the most devastating retorts in the debate on the Hatch bill was a reply to Senator Minton, who asked whether supporters of the measure "had seen things or smelt things—such as a slush fund."



Members of House Committee investigating NLRB. Seated: Hellick, Smith, Routzohn. Standing: Murdock and Healey



National Labor Relations Board, which is now being investigated by the House. Leiserson, Madden, and Smith

"That depends on how close they have been to certain parts of the United States," Barkley retorted. Minton flinched as though he had received a solar plexus blow. The majority leader might have been referring to his own Kentucky, had the time been 1938, when the Sheppard Senate committee recorded many uncomplimentary remarks about the character of his campaign for renomination, but it was obvious to every member of the Senate that he was referring to the Indiana Democratic machine which levies tribute on all State employees and "encourages" contributions from tractor salesmen and the liquor interests. Only a happy-go-lucky politician like Senator A. B. Chandler of Kentucky would be as frank as he was in giving the following definition of "pernicious" political activities.

"Pernicious politics," Chandler orated, "is when somebody on the other side does something to you. When he is on your side, he is doing a service for the country!"

As a matter of fact, ambitions for higher office are running high both in Senate and House. All the potential Presidential candidates are not in the senior chamber. Representative Joe Martin of Massachusetts has definite ideas on the subject. The Hon. Hamilton Fish is a perennial candidate. On the Democratic side of the House, Representative Abe Murdock of Utah has his eye on the Senate seat of Senator William H. King. Speaker of the House William B. Bankhead would consider first or

second place on the Presidential ticket, while the number of Congressmen who would consider themselves eligible for the Cabinet is legion.

Readers of THE SIGN will recall that this column predicted that active means would be taken to ensure "parity payments" to agriculture, in spite of the widespread demand for national economy. In the same article, it was intimated that additional appropriations would not only throw the President's paper budget out of balance, but also put a severe strain on the \$45,000,000,000 national debt limit. These judgments have been borne out, at least in part, by the decisive action of the Senate Appropriations Committee in providing more than \$300,000,000 for farm benefit increases.

Although House economy leaders conceded that their task of holding the House in line against the "blandishments" offered the farm vote by huge sums for parity payments, surplus crop-disposal funds and the like was a trying task, they declared they would attempt to show their colleagues that it was more important to genuine recovery to hold expenditures as low as possible and avoid new taxes or an increase in the debt limit.

One of the ablest advocates of economy in the Congress, Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland, expressed the opinion of a number of like-minded colleagues when he declared: "Whether or not a high Cabinet official promised that the administrators of the Government

would 'spend and spend, elect and elect, and tax and tax,' that is certainly the way things work out in practice. Representative government must meet the test of honest book-keeping. Otherwise, the only brake on expenditures will be a ruinous inflation of the currency. No amount of votes or elections can alter that situation."

The taxation problem is not one that the members of Congress relish in an election year. Nevertheless, at the present pace of appropriations, it will be necessary to find at least half a billion "extra money" before the date of adjournment. Alarmed by this prospect, several Senators have threatened to attach "riders" to the trade agreements legislation to subject the income from future issues of Federal, State, and municipal bonds to reciprocal taxation. The Administration has the votes to defeat a move of this character and, furthermore, everybody knows that the increased revenue from such a measure would form but a fraction of the funds that are required. As Senator Pat Harrison, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee put it: "The one tax that would not have the effect of an earthquake on the voters' complacency would be a levy on every sales transaction. But the States and municipalities have beat us to the gun on this expedient. The Congress can't afford to give a last turn to the money-grabbing vise. Incidentally, a tax bill now would put the *quietus* on a third term. The initiative on these alternatives rests with the President!"



By my Faith

E. M. MACEOHN

THE WARM, blanketing fog of that early July morning rolled along the flat gray sea; it crept up the hard face of the jutting headland, seeking out with soft ghostly fingers each new gaping wound in the red rock, caressing the broken limbs of trees that dangled above sodden grass littered with torn leaves.

In a last frantic rush of ruffled feathers, a panic-stricken chicken leaped out of the dripping tangle of branches about a fallen oak and disappeared squawking over the cliff. Faith, gasping from her chase up the hill, stopped at the edge. Gulls wheeled through the torn ribbons of mist, and screeching protests at the fluttering hen sailed down past Faith into the opaque shadows.

A man peering out from his shelter of bushes, motionless and silent as the morning itself, watched her.

She stood an instant, head bent, hands clasped on her still-empty basket. She wore a plain white apron over her neat, blue-dyed dress, and a white cap covered the smooth black hair. The man noticed nothing but her face, innocent and lovely.

*Faith looked at him without speaking.
Her heart pounded desperately*

On an impulse he rose from his crouching position and stepped forth toward her.

"Mistress!" he called, very gently.

She turned slowly, her fright revealed only in the tightening clasp of her hands, her widening eyes.

"Do not be afraid," he said slowly. "I mean no harm."

Faith looked at him without speaking. Her heart pounded desperately.

She thought him at first an Indian from the village which lay up the river, between her home and the little colony at the head of the harbor. He stood tall before her, hands at his sides, brown eyes in a brown face holding her own. He was bare-legged, barefooted; he wore only buff breeches, torn and bedraggled. But his hair was fair, long and awry, slipping from its knot at the back of his neck. A wild and unhappy sight, perhaps a derelict from yesterday's brief but furious battle. Not an Indian. . . .

Her caught breath escaped in a gasp. He saw her hands—slender, firm hands—tighten still, and knew himself for a sorry figure, and foolhardy as well.

"Who are you?" she asked at last. Her voice was low, controlled above a quiver.

He stood up as straight as his stiffened muscles would allow. The stories that he had planned out so laboriously as he waited for the day to bring him sight of human or habitation, fled away. Looking into those clear blue eyes, he realized that he could not lie.

"I am a deserter," he said, without excuse.

"A deserter?" She was puzzled. "But from what, or where?" Half involuntarily, she looked beyond him into the mist as though her glance could pierce it. Her face cleared. "From the fleet?"

"The fleet?" he hedged, thinking swiftly. How could she know? Had he then miscalculated, and come ashore at New Haven colony after all?

"Commodore Sir George Collier's fleet," she stated flatly.

He stared at her. "Yes," he admitted uncertainly. "How did you know?"

She flung up her head. "And why not, sir, when we were attacked by that fleet yesterday, and even now



wait the rising of the fog to tell us whether we shall be again today!" Her cheeks flushed with anger.

His shoulders drooped; he dropped his eyes. "I am a deserter from His Majesty's Frigate *Greyhound*, he said.

"The *Greyhound*!" She sounded startled for some reason, but when he looked up she was staring again out to sea.

He waited. And in a moment she turned to him and smiled with the sun in her face, holding out her hand.

"Come!" she said, surprisingly. "My father and I will be pleased to welcome you to our home."

The tension which had held him in a vise since he had slipped over the side of the ship last night into the warm sea, which had so cruelly stung the red welts across his back, relaxed suddenly; he felt it gave way first in his knees and foolishly they sagged. His hand flung up to grasp the fir's sticky trunk; he smiled at her appealingly.

"You are hurt, sir?" she asked in quick alarm.

"It is nothing," he assured her.

But Faith saw for the first time the wicked slashes across his broad shoulders. Her eyes darkened with pity. She drew his arm gently across her own shoulders, and together they made their way slowly down the hill.

The slope was starred with red clover and white, and golden-eyed day's-eyes; the scent of the dew-drenched grass came faintly sweet. Overhead the raucous crows and jays fought in the trees; a tanager flirted his tail, a robin fluted liquidly.

The man looked back once, briefly,

as the fog vanished across the harbor. Two great frigates were standing out to sea, their sails glistening in the sun. But a third was yet dark and watchful on the waters, its sails furled, turning slowly at anchor. "The *Greyhound*," he thought, with a sudden sinking at the heart.

In the curve of the hill, Faith pointed out her home. Small and brown, it snuggled like some wood creature against a bank of evergreens. "The hill served us well yesterday," she remarked casually. "It protected us from the cannon. . . ."

Faith led him in. The long room was dim and cool.

"Father?" she called softly. There was no answer. She set down her basket, and helped the man to the great winged chair before the wide fireplace.

Richard put his head wearily back against the cushion and sighed. Here at last was comfort such as he had not known these three years, and a home again. . . . He drifted into a dream. A gentle voice roused him.

"Faith, my dear, who is this?" it said. "Have we a guest?"

"Yes, Father," said Faith's lovely voice, and Richard opened his eyes dazedly, blinded momentarily by the sunlight that fell now through the east-facing window. He stood up dizzily and bowed, hardly feeling Faith's hand on his arm, steadying him.

"I am Richard Loveland, late of Glen o' the Downs, and His Majesty's ship *Greyhound*, at your service, sir," he ground out, his eyes on the rough floor so that he did not see the other's start. Feeling his knees give way again, he sat down suddenly.

"You are welcome to our home, sir. I am John de Boissart, once of your country, now of Silent Cove. This is my daughter, Faith—" But he spoke to ears no longer hearing. Richard's eyes had closed.

When he awoke he lay in a huge bed in which his body sank deeply. He felt a hand on his forehead.

"Have you slept well, Richard Loveland?"

He turned his head on the pillow. The bed was high so that her face, leaning toward his, was very near; the skin flushed across the cheekbones was translucent, her eyes were the blue of the seas off the Indies. . . .

Her father came toward the bed. "Are you refreshed, sir?"

Richard was conscious of an overwhelming rush of gratitude toward these two who had taken him, a deserter, bruised, beaten and disgraced, into their home. He struggled to rise. The other man's hand on his shoulder held him down.

"Not yet, my boy. It is not yet time."

"But I want to—I must explain—" It seemed suddenly horrible to him that these two should think of him as a common deserter. He must justify himself.

"I understand." The dark eyes in the thin ascetic face gazed at him calmly, kindly, without condemnation. "Tell him, Faith," he said, turning away, "that we already know part of his story."

"What? How?" Richard's face took on a tortured look as he turned his questioning gaze toward her. She nodded assent. "Yes," she said quietly. "Captain Greville has been here this afternoon."

FROM the window where he stood, de Boissart spoke. "Your ship waits you off the Cove, Sir Richard."

Richard gasped. He cursed the weakness that kept him lying here like a child, sent the tears starting behind his eyes.

"What did he tell you—my Lord Greville?" he demanded, trying to keep the hate out of his voice.

"He told us, among other things, that he would return for you this evening," said the man at the window.

Richard summoned all his strength. He sat up, jammed an elbow into the pillow. "Among other things! What other things?"

John de Boissart turned. With de-

liberation he drew up a chair to the bedside, and sat down. Unfathomable eyes on Richard's face, he said: "That you are a traitor to the crown. Guilty of treason against the crown. A traitor to your own oath, and a deserter."

"And you believe it?" cried Richard.

"No," said the other calmly, turning his head from Richard's face.

"Thank you," said Richard, when he could speak. "I am grateful to you, sir, for not believing him. For, I assure you, but one of these charges is true, much as he would have you think otherwise, and if you will permit me, I will tell you my story."

"My Lord Greville has told you my name; I do not know what else he has told you of me," began Richard slowly. "My home is—was—at Dereveragh; my estates adjoin those of the Grevilles. I rode the glens of Antrim until I was eight years old. Then my father, who had refused to give up the Faith of his fathers, was killed in defense of that Faith, and my mother took me with her and fled into Spain. Three years ago she died, and I came home to Ireland."

"I was welcomed by my people, who were at once glad and terrified to see me. The younger Greville, they told me, had returned from England, in the full favor of the King's patronage, and was winning further favor by routing out the staunch Catholics who still maintained their religion in these remote glens. His older brother had disappeared—murdered, they whispered—because he gave his allegiance to Rome instead of London. Greville would stop at nothing, they told me."

"Nor did he. He was powerful and ruthless. I was poor, with no arms and no army. My peasants kept me hidden in their homes, while we tried to devise a plan. . . . And one morning, while we assisted at Mass at a cottage deep in the glen, he surprised us. I was accused of plotting against the King, and sentenced to die."

"Greville came to see me in gaol. 'I am saving your life, Loveland,' he said. 'Now say you I am cruel?'"

"Greville was leaving with replacements for the King's American regiment; I was enlisted therein. . . ."

Richard stopped, remembering the last horrible months—"This attack on New Haven Colony was his idea," he went on bitterly. "He persuaded the Commander to it. The night be-

fore last he ordered me into the first boat. But I looked at the quiet harbor, at the signal fires burning on the hills, and suddenly it seemed to me sacrilegious to fire upon, to kill these peaceful people. I refused."

"You had sworn to obey the King?" John de Boissart interrupted quietly.

"Yes," admitted Richard. "Yet I never felt that oath binding. . . . I felt I, an Irishman, owed George of England no allegiance. . . ."

The other man nodded. "Your fault lay in swearing obedience to him, not in refusing it."

RICHARD did not reply. When he spoke it was to go on with his story. "I was flogged and put into irons. All day I heard the guns. After dark my guard, a Hessian, tricked into service even as I was, set me free. We tried to calculate by the stars, but I felt the current catch me not long after I was in the water. We planned to reach the shore far to the east of the colony, and strike into the woods, but the current must have drawn me into the harbor—and here I am," he finished lamely.

John de Boissart stood up. "We will have supper, Faith," he said, and sat down at the table.

"Yes, Father."

Richard looked first at her. She was smiling as she brought him a bowl of porridge and berries and cream. "You must eat this, and then rest again," she said. Richard's heavy heart lightened immeasurably.

In the soft quiet of the late afternoon they ate. The girl and her father spoke little, Richard not at all. He lay watching them, the sun shining on the white cloth, the girl's sweet face, her father's white hair. Somewhere in the distance a drum rolled, briefly. De Boissart raised his head and listened.

"The fleet has gone?" he asked.

"Yes, Father, all but the Greyhound!"

He pushed back his chair and went to the door. "We must expect my Lord the Captain soon," he said.

Richard watched him. But he could not read his face, and, still weak, he fell into gentle sleep.

Greville's voice awakened him abruptly. Richard's eyes, opening quickly, fell upon his figure, bulky in the brilliant uniform, glaringly out of place in the dusky shadows.

"But I say I shall take him!" blustered Captain Greville.

"And I say you shall not," replied the other quietly.

"He is a traitor to the King! What say you to that?"

De Boissart lifted his head; his dark eyes burned. "I say there is but one traitor in this room!"

Richard sat on the edge of the bed, his head whirling. What was this? De Boissart had not believed his story after all!

De Boissart's voice was louder than he had heard it, firm and powerful. "I say there is but one traitor in this room, and it is *not* he!" He pointed to Richard.

Greville seemed to shrink, perceptibly. His head turned. "Hush!" he said urgently. "Hush! Someone will hear you!"

"Exactly!" said the other.

Richard was puzzled. There was something here he did not understand. But he had his pride. "Greville!" he said. "I am here."

Greville turned abruptly. His beefy face was empurpled. To Richard's amazement, he grinned at him, weakly but unmistakably. Richard stared.

"Oh—er—Loveland! So you're here? Well, that's all right. I haven't seen you, you know!" He laughed shakily.

Richard's face burned. What ghastly farce was this? He took an unsteady step toward Greville, but Faith leaped from her seat and laid a restraining hand on his arm. "No, Richard," she whispered.

Greville turned, and held out his hand to de Boissart. "Glad to have seen you, John. Friends, eh? Hope we meet again one day!" His broad shoulders blocked the light from the door as he passed swiftly through, and went down the slope to the road with his familiar arrogant swagger.

Richard turned to the man. "But sir, I don't understand," he said.

De Boissart smiled wryly. "Some day you will, perhaps," he said. "Faith, dear,"—turning to the girl—"You might see our gallant visitor off a little later. I think Richard will be able to accompany you."

In the distance the drum rolled again, faintly.

The landward side of the cliff was already in evening shadow as they trod the faintly marked path. Richard still wore the ragged buff breeches, but he wore stout shoes, white hose and a white shirt that de Boissart had given him, and his fair

hair was neatly combed. In his weakness, he found it still pleasantly necessary to lean on Faith's arm for support. They talked in low voices.

"Do you not think it too soon to decide to stay here?" asked Faith.

"No," Richard answered. "I cannot go home. And this is a country I already love. When I left the ship, I thought to strike inland, away from the colonies, and find a place where I could live in peace. I am sick to death of warring with and on my fellow creatures who ask no more of life than I: a home and peace in it, and peace with my God."

Faith looked up at him shyly.

"And will you go inland to look for it now?"

"If they would welcome a Catholic here—" Richard spoke hesitantly.

She smiled. "We will welcome him," she said. "My father and I are Catholics. We, like you, left our home for our Faith's sake. My father changed his name—we have freedom here—." She faltered, broke off. Then, "Richard?"

"Yes?"

"Richard, there is something I must tell you." She half averted her face. "My Lord Greville—he whom you hate, who drove you from your home—the liar and bully—he is my uncle, my father's younger brother!"

RICHARD halted and stared at her incredulously. "What are you saying?"

She returned his look bravely, nodded.

"So," said Richard. "I had wondered. Why—how did he come to leave me behind, unpunished?"

"My father threatened him. Father holds information which would destroy him at Court were it revealed. Father held the title, you know, but relinquished it for the sake of his people who would suffer were they to give allegiance to a Catholic lord. And for my sake, too. We came here in 1775, four years ago; we have had here the peace we love. . . ." Her voice trailed off, and she was silent a moment.

"And your uncle?" prompted Richard.

"Uncle had promised father not to abuse the privileges of the title. Your story was a revelation to father. He grew very angry. Uncle had come to see father earlier in the day, and when he came back the second time, father threatened to return, and to

release the damaging information to the King. Uncle was very frightened; he promised at once to leave you, and to abstain from Catholic-baiting in future." She sighed. "Yet one doubts his word!"

"One doubts," agreed Richard.

The path steepened suddenly. After a moment Faith broke the silence.

"Shall you go inland now?" she asked shyly.

"Nay!" Richard grinned, looking down at her sweet face, flushed and earnest. "Nay, indeed I think I have found what I seek, and much nearer the shore than I'd hoped!"

Faith looked away quickly, but not before he had seen the light in the deep blue eyes, the half smile on her lips. His hand tightened on her arm.

They came to the top of the incline just as the red rim of the sun struck the dark line of the hills on the far shore of the beautiful harbor that lay below them.

Richard saw the white smoke puff out above the frigate's deck, even before he heard the dull boom of the cannon, and in that instant as he pulled Faith behind him the missile struck the cliff side and ricocheted whistling into the leafy shadows of the woods to the east, while the echo thundered hollowly among the hills. The shock trembled through the rock and the leaves of the trees quivered and whispered as though in fear.

Faith cried out and clung to him. "Richard! They—he meant that for us?"

Richard's arm tightened about her comfortingly. "No, dear," he said, his eyes on the frigate, turning now full into the current, making headway into the dark waters of the Sound. "That was the parting threat of a loyal servant of His Majesty George Third to these impetuous rebels, lest they persist in their impetuous rebelling!"

"You do not hate me, his niece?" whispered Faith, after a moment.

"Quite the contrary," said Richard softly, looking down at the smooth black head against his shoulder. He threw back his head and laughed aloud happily. "By my Faith, he's done me the greatest of favors today!"

Faith looked up and smiled.

"By my Faith!" whispered Richard, only half to himself, as they went down the hill into the dusk.



ECONOMICS OF THE SPIRIT

By JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

Illustrated by ROBERT ALLAWAY

IN FALLEN MAN there is a twofold wisdom, the wisdom of the flesh and the wisdom of the spirit. One is of the earth, earthly; the other is of heaven, heavenly. One leads to death, the other to life. Such is the teaching of the great Saint Paul, a doctrine which raises a gulf of separation between believer and unbeliever, between the higher and the lower in the soul of every man. It proclaims two codes of conduct, the one of darkness, the other of light.

Throughout the ages there have been groups which followed one or other of these great paths. These are giants of good or of evil, the great saints or sinners of history. They stand out from the multitude for their uncompromising, integral approach to the problem of life. They accept a leader, whether he be in the camp of the devil or of God, and they follow him without question.

In contrast to these leaders are the multitudes who compromise and hesitate. Confronted with incompatibles, they would make no permanent choice, but seek now one camp, now another. They seek broad and easy paths, the way of impulse and feeling. This is the way of the many, and all of us must confess that our lives have often partaken of such indecision.

In the field of economics there are also the integralists and those who compromise. On the one hand we have integral materialism. Carried to its ultimate, logical conclusion, it is nothing less than atheistic Communism. It envisions a world of matter, self-created and self-sufficient, and lowers man to that level. Man is the economic mechanism and all the resources of society must be disciplined and organized that man may produce a great abundance of

material goods. Sacrifice must be made in the process. Love, loyalty, friendship, and religion must go. In a world of matter they have no place.

Traditional liberal economics partakes of much of the spirit of materialism. In asserting that the economic order is self-sufficient, and that man's welfare is but a by-product of an impersonal economic system, this philosophy has an uncomfortable likeness to that of Communism.

The multitude, however, did not tolerate for long the theory of individualism. The anguished cries of child workers, driven beyond endurance in the factories of nineteenth-century England, France, and America, were too much for any but the most confirmed materialist. The misery, vice, and crime of the slums of industrial cities could not easily be passed over by the bulk of men. Hence there arose the compromise of trade unionism, social legislation, and the like.

It seems, however, that this compromise has not entirely conquered the realm of matter. The grievous exploitation of the nineteenth century is no more, but a no less appalling insecurity sickens the hearts of men. The spirit of man is still fettered to the earth by care and anxiety, and progress seems only to have sharpened its pains.

Confronted with this continued degradation of the children of God, profound thinkers have called for a new economics, the integral philosophy of the spirit. Jacques Maritain in France, Father Furfey in America, many of the writers associated with the *Catholic Worker*, to mention only some of the leaders, have called for a new approach, the way of the saints. With incisive logic,

they have shown that the way of the flesh leads only to death. Convincingly they have argued that any compromise prolongs but does not relieve the agony. Hence they offer as the only remedy for the economic plight of today the steep and narrow path of sanctity. When man comes to know the way of the spirit, then the crisis of modern society will have passed.

This approach involves three great steps: *personal reform* as a prelude to economic reform; *nonparticipation* in the world of matter, except when unavoidably necessary; corporate action in the spiritual field by the *liturgical movement*.

For the first point, these thinkers argue that until men change, society cannot be bettered. Society is nothing more than an organic union of men, and until they submerge individual and selfish interests for the sake of the community, reform is impossible. If greed and selfishness are at the root of current troubles, then learned studies of the business cycle or dissertations on technological unemployment will be of little avail. The heart of man is sick, and economic poultices will only inflame this diseased member.

If individual reform be required for social betterment, then clearly the path of economic reform is not the way of law or organization. Law affects externals; only grace can touch the spirit. An organization is good or evil as its constituent members are good or evil; if society is bad, unity only deepens the evil. It is the living Word of God, cleaving to the spirit, that can change the heart of man. Prayer, sacrifice, and sacrament become the weapons of reform.

The ideal of the Christian then is nonparticipation in the world of matter. He should abstain as far as possible from the dangerous life of business and finance. Theologians of the Middle Ages felt that these occupations involved a special danger that one would acquire the love of wealth, the corroding sin of avarice. The true Christian would emulate, if possible, the lives of the monks

of antiquity. He would withdraw into a farming community, as self-sufficient economically as possible, and live a simple life of labor and prayer. He could then ponder fruitfully over the words, "What doth it profit a man to gain the entire world, and suffer the loss of his immortal soul?"

A very important element in the working out of the spiritual ideal is the liturgical movement. By participating in the sacred liturgy, the believer draws upon sources of Divine energy which transform his life. Sacrifices and renunciation which at a distance seemed cold and desolate are taken in giant strides by one who throbs with the love of the living God. Religion becomes real when one joins intimately in the recitation of the Mass, or chants the ancient prayers of the Divine Office.

Confronted with this approach to the economic problem, most of us are left puzzled and wondering. Here is an argument which appears to take the foundations from under much of the Catholic Social Movement of the last century. We might ask: is all its emphasis on the relief of labor, the need of just and wise laws, the call for ever more intense study of the social questions of the day—is all this nothing but vanity and weariness of the spirit? Has the work of Ketteler, Vogelsang, Manning, Gibbons, Villeneuve-Bargement, Albert de Mun, and others been in vain?

The average Catholic economist is unwilling to offer criticism against the economics of the spirit. He is all too conscious of personal failure in the way of devotion.

Nevertheless, the plight of the economist is not altogether hopeless. He need not feel that his years of study have been in vain. Although personally unfitted to pass upon such high problems, he can draw upon the history of the Church and repeat her august and infallible pronouncements. He can see whether or not such doctrines, or similar ones, were ever passed upon by the great doctors. Fortified with their teaching,



What of the Claim of Certain Catholics That the Only Remedy For Our Modern Economic Plight Is To Be Found in Personal Sanctity? The Author Gives An Answer To This Important Question

he might venture to differ with the sublime ideals of personalism.

In the first place he finds out that it is possible to exaggerate the role of the spirit. Heresy can come from excess in this direction. Starting off in the history of dogma, he comes upon the earliest problems of Christianity in the epistles of St. Paul and St. John. There he reads about those who forbid any intercourse with this world as unworthy of the disciple of the spirit. But at the same time he finds the Apostles arrayed against such exaggerated otherworldliness. Likewise throughout the ages there are other integralists, Gnostics, Cathari, Albigensians, Jansenists, all calling for a life of the spirit and the exclusion of matter. Yet firmly has the Church insisted upon the twofold nature of man. She taught that God made the world and found that it was good. It may be abused through the weakness of man, but abuses do not always call for drastic remedies.

In modern times, we note that the Encyclicals of the great recent popes call for institutional as well as personal reform. It is true that they lay great stress upon the need of certain virtues. Leo XIII noted eloquently the part that charity should play in the lives of the wealthy and the powerful. Pius XI strongly insisted that at the root of the present evil were to be found the twin parasites of greed and selfishness. He likewise pleaded for disinterestedness and charity as the only sound motive forces of the economic order. To foster these virtues he recommended especially the retreat movement which has gained such momentum in recent years.

Nevertheless, both Pope Leo and Pope Pius called for definite institutional changes. For example, both deplored the departure from the guild spirit in favor of individualism. They would restore the ancient order of society where worker and employer strove together to work out their common problems in a spirit of peace and harmony. Furthermore, they felt that separate associations of workers and employers were entirely legitimate and frequently necessary. Going beyond this, they attacked severely the "liberal" idea that the State should not intervene in economic affairs. This modern innovation was rejected in favor of the traditional Catholic thesis which en-

visions the State as the guardian of the common welfare, endowed with the power and the obligation to take affirmative social action where the occasion demands.

In *On Reconstructing the Social Order* we find specific criticism of economic institutions, with a call for equally definite reforms. The irresponsibility of the corporate board of directors is pilloried in strong terms. There is no less indignation at the effect of commodity speculation in nullifying the prudent calculations of merchants. Again, the concentration of wealth as a result of the manipulation of credit and investment is considered a most serious evil. The problems of unemployment, of unequal distribution of wealth, of rural distress, and the like are treated quite apart from the question of personal responsibility. Explicit approval is given in "Atheistic Communism" to public old age pensions and to government efforts to supply employment to those out of work. When writing on marriage, Pope Pius XI speaks approvingly of housing developments and subsidies for married workers with families. Yet extreme personalists would call all these "impure" means.

THE lesson from authority is clear. At all times the Church has used and counseled use of means dictated by ordinary human prudence. When the wisdom of this world ran directly counter to her supernatural mission, she never hesitated to choose the folly of the Cross. The trust in Providence manifested by some of her saints led to actions which would be foolhardy in those who did not have a similar spirit of prayer and resignation. But in the world of business, the motto for the multitude has been to sanctify and transform rather than to abstain. Faced with the actual problem of modern economic distress, the Popes have recommended personal reform as but *one* of the many elements in the Catholic approach to the problem. Hence it would be safe to say that exclusive use of prayer and nonparticipation has never been recommended to the mass of men as the only remedy for the present social distress.

Apart from authority, there are reasons to doubt the exclusive suitability of the personalist method. Certainly it would lay itself open to the possibilities of grave abuse and

self-deception. People could delude themselves that their responsibilities to society were satisfied as long as they were faithful to certain religious devotions. In fact, it is quite conceivable that such an admirable ideal could be transmuted by some into the abominable standard of "double morality," with one set of principles for private life, another for business. Puritan slave-traders and exploiters of child labor were at the same time deeply "religious" men.

Not only is personal reform only a partial approach, but the idea of nonparticipation may well be an economic impossibility. Economically speaking, the self-sufficient farm is most wasteful of natural resources. It is true that in times of overabundant agricultural production, a limited application of this program might be most useful. This distributist ideal has much to recommend it. But it is necessarily only for the few. The immense population of the modern world can live only by virtue of specialized farming. This is more clearly seen in retrospect. Unquestionably part of the trouble which led to the transformation and the breakdown of medieval economy can be traced to population shifts from overcrowded manors. If the medieval world could not sustain its population without the need of migration and colonization, what can be done in the immense modern world? Specialization seems to be the only alternative to starvation.

Another objection to the purely personal approach arises from the case of the unregenerate. In the relatively static economy of the Middle Ages, all the sanctions of the Ages of Faith were unable to restrain the acquisitive spirit. The Medici and the Fuggers accumulated immense fortunes in an atmosphere which was still Catholic. How much more difficult is it today to hope to convert the entire world of business to the ideals of otherworldliness?

Particularly difficult to convert is the corporation. As has been aptly said, this institution has neither soul to be damned nor body to be imprisoned. It is not subject to seasons of repentance. It is purely impersonal, often governed by men who are not even substantial owners of its stock. As Pope Pius XI remarked, the divided responsibility of the corporation leads to an almost complete

exclusion of moral considerations from its policies. Even were the board of directors to seek ethical standards in their conduct towards their customers and workers, there would be a great cry from the stockholders that their dividends were impaired. On the other hand, the average stockholder feels (rightly) that he ordinarily has such little voice in the corporation that he is not responsible for its actions toward its employees. So he complacently banks his dividends with the feeling that he could not prevent the nefarious deeds that are periodically brought to light.

If the corporation is impersonal, the business cycle is relentless. Periodically it humbles the mighty and spreads the shadow of destitution across the face of the land. Depressions mean disaster to many of the rich; they are sheer tragedy to the unemployed. So great is the distress caused by the insecurity of modern life, that the late Pope felt that Communism was inevitable unless this pressure of suffering were lightened. Once again, however, one finds it difficult to trace this evil to personal causes. Economists are definitely at odds regarding its origin.

Apart from the business cycle, there is the possible question of economic stability at a low level of production. England seems to have reached a stage where severe business fluctuations are ironed out, leaving, however, a problem of permanent unemployment for millions. In the United States likewise it is asserted that we could return to the 1929 level of production and still leave from four to seven million unemployed. For many of them it appears that machines have taken their jobs. Furthermore, in many industries, unwise price policies have led to limited output at high prices rather than fuller production at a lower price level.

Finally, individualism has led to great tragedies in many competitive industries and occupations. The method of farming customary until recently led to the twin evils of ruinous prices and a degree of soil erosion which threatened the future of the entire nation. The production of oil and natural gas was no better controlled. Forestry is still in the stage where each producer acts according to his own limited insight, while the stock of this vital resource

is becoming alarmingly low. A congeries of short-sighted policies in the housing field has made America one of the most poorly housed of modern industrial nations. Some of these evils can be traced to individual responsibility, but in most cases they are the results of ignorance and lack of co-ordination.

WITH these facts cumulating to the conclusion that something more than goodwill is needed for the solution of modern social problems, one is convinced of the incompleteness of the purely personal approach. Much of present-day grief can be traced to sin, but much more is the product of original, not personal, sin. It is the darkness of intellect and weakness of will which leads men to blunder into situations for which they are not prepared.

In such cases, the community is something more than the sum of a number of individuals. One or two individuals with insight may discover the roots of current evils. They may convince many others, perhaps a majority of voters. Others may be less flexible; they do not wish to exchange ancient ways. In such a case, it is only by law that the community can be sure that the general welfare is secured, even though a few individuals remain unwilling and unco-operative. A good example of general action is found in recent farming developments. Collective action by the community has led to definite checking of erosion, unmarketable surpluses, and the like. The successful two-price plan is a result of common rather than personal action. It is doubtful whether any amount of personal gifts of food or cotton by farmers in the great producing regions would have helped people in distant cities.

A similar situation is found in the labor field. Many employers seek unionism, minimum-wage laws, and the like, to obtain protection from unscrupulous competitors. Such procedures seem to be necessary. In this Christian nation the number of employers who have completely ideal labor policies can almost be numbered on the fingers of both hands. At the same time it is probably true that the overwhelming majority of employers are decent, God-fearing men, wishing to adopt just and reasonable policies. The only explanation of this paradox is the lack of

collective action which would prevent the undermining of ideals by competition. Given laws or organization, the insight of the majority can become the standard for all members of the community.

It seems, then, that personalism is an incomplete approach to modern problems. On the other hand, a purely institutional outlook would be equally narrow. It would certainly be quite false to conclude from the facts listed above that personal reform is unimportant. On the contrary, unless unselfishness and charity permeate great groups of citizens, purely economic reforms will accomplish little. Unyielding pressure for specific reforms from a limited, sectarian viewpoint can be quite dangerous. Increasing demands on the body politic might lead to such stress and strain that democracy would not survive.

Our conclusion then is old and trite, the wisdom of moderation. It is easy to take sides and form parties. Insight into neglected ideas generates pardonable enthusiasms. Such zeal often leads to the correction of the evil. But when such limited and partial approaches are expanded into movements, they present real dangers. They divide Catholic thought when unity is badly needed. They often lead by reaction to a rejection of the very theses which the new movement emphasizes. The failure of such incomplete movements frequently discredits worthwhile objectives. Certainly Catholic thought would be the richer if the fine efforts going into such ideals as personalism, distributism, monetary reform, and the like were combined into a unitary and authoritative exposé of the social teaching of the Church.

Catholic social thought needs a new synthesis, formed of the enduring truth in the various currents of modern thought. There is a place for labor reform, for economic analysis, for legislation, for personal reform. Even specialization has its place, provided that it is not too exclusive. We can have distributists and co-operators, just as we have teaching clergy and parish clergy. What is needed, however, is a recognition on the part of special interests of the truth and value of other approaches. Only when we have such sympathetic understanding, can we work out a unified and complete program of Catholic social reform.



Left: General Manuel Avila Camacho, presidential candidate of the Mexican Revolutionary Party, which controls the country's election machinery

Below: President Lazaro Cardenas, whose term of office expires this year

International Photos



Is Mexico Swinging Right?

By RANDALL POND

FOR close to a generation, Mexico has been looked upon as a country where every leftist theory, no matter how fantastic, could find fertile ground for growth. In general, this belief was true. The Constitution of 1917, though not written by Socialists nor influenced by a Russian Communism which was still in swaddling clothes, contained some of the most advanced legislation, particularly in the matter of labor, that the modern world had seen up to that date. Since 1917, the passing from the scene of old guard revolutionaries and the rise of young men who looked to Russia for guidance in the social struggle, resulted in the country's finding itself projected in so "left" a direction that many thought Mexico would follow Russia into the ranks of Communist nations.

The struggle has been a bitter one, though often so silent that the ordinary Mexican did not realize what a battle was being fought in his country. Slowly but surely, men who were pledged to the Communist ideal penetrated into government offices, held responsible positions,

and flooded the country with propaganda. The anti-clerical drives of the 1926-1934 period found support in Red ranks even when the motivating forces of the persecutions were rooted in old-fashioned Masonry and anti-clericalism. The Department of Education, which revolutionaries of the Madero and Carranza factions had hoped to see become democratic and nationalistic, turned to the path of Moscow and exalted the "society without classes" while deprecating the Mexican nationalism which had found a rebirth in the Revolution.

Obreion, after the death of Carranza; Calles, from 1924 to 1933; and all the little "leaders" in all walks of Mexican politics pretended to be Reds who were preparing the way for a Mexican socialistic state that would replace the antiquated republicanism which did not even mask the iron dictatorship of Calles. Even after relations with Russia were broken off and Mexican Communists found themselves thrown into prison, the trend to the left continued unabated.

This trend reached its height un-

der President Lázaro Cárdenas. The young man from Michoacán, hand-picked by Calles to be his "dummy" president from 1934 to 1940, turned on his "master" and exiled him from the country in the summer of 1935. One of the reasons for that act was the plea of Calles that Cárdenas halt "the marathon of radicalism" which was sweeping the country. Cárdenas did not halt it, had no apparent wish to do so. Thus the trend to the left continued until all the American republics of Latin origin came to look upon Mexico as an ultra-radical sister from which almost anything extreme might be expected.

Extremes were reached. A new labor leader, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, emerged from the ranks of the dying Regional Confederation of Workers and Peasants (CROM) to found the new Confederation of Mexican Workers. He deserted his old chief, Morones, a Calles chieftain of importance, and rushed to support the new man of the hour, Cárdenas. Intelligent, hard-working, a spellbinder who dazzled the ignorant masses of workers who made up the majority of

his followers, Toledano increased his power until he and the national committee of the CTM became a government within a government. When the President did what they liked, they held monster meetings showing their support of him. If a businessman or a local government official opposed them, they would order national *paros* or stoppages of all work in the republic for a period of hours as a signal to capital of the strength which lay behind their organization. Their audacity knew no limits and their crowning achievement, even in their own eyes, was to copy a leaf from the Spanish Reds' booklet of revolution and to form in Mexico "labor militia battalions" which in the last May Day parade counted fifty thousand men.

But now, it seems to this writer, the inevitable reaction has set in. The Franco victory in Spain with its traditionalist and nationalistic implications, has had profound effects on the thinking of all Hispanic American nations—and Mexico still is one of these. The European war, coming fast on the heels of the German-Russian alliance, allowed writers and speakers a brilliant opportunity to link the two dictatorships together and to show the rank and file of labor that Hitlerism and Stalinism were brothers under their totalitarian skins. Last, but not least, Russia's attack on Finland brought torrents of condemnation upon Communism and so disturbed the ordinary propaganda of Mexican Reds that they have since had little time to conduct their usual attacks on capitalism.

That the reaction is widespread, nationwide in fact, is evident on close consideration of four phases of current Mexican life. These are, more or less in the order of their importance: 1. The presidential campaigns being waged by Manuel Avila Camacho and Juan Andreu Almazán; 2. The attitude of President Cárdenas himself; 3. The popular protest against the Third Article of the Constitution which will attempt to make education "socialistic"; 4. The weakened position of Lombardo Toledano which many observers are predicting will result in his fall from power within a very short time.

At first blush, one can hardly contend that Avila Camacho is a "reactionary" candidate. He is a close fol-

lower of Cárdenas; he is the leader of the Mexican Revolutionary Party (PRM) which controls the country's election machinery; and he has said on repeated occasions that he intends to carry on the policies of the man who is slated to leave the presidency in December 1940. And yet, for one who will look deeper than the surface, there are indications that Avila Camacho will not be so radical as Cárdenas.

This candidate comes from a respectable family in the state of Puebla. When his mother died during the past year, he and his brother, the Governor of Puebla, accompanied by most of the chief functionaries of the state and many of the nation, attended the memorial mass which the Archbishop of Puebla said in his beautiful cathedral in tribute to the deceased mother of the two politician-generals. Although he has had to accept the banner of radicalism which the PRM pretends to carry, Camacho carefully underlines in his speeches the fact that he is not hostile to capital, either native or foreign, and that he believes Mexican labor and capital should march together if national progress is to be furthered. It can be said without fear of contradiction that the great majority of his speeches have been progressive rather than radical, conciliatory on social questions rather than defiant or hostile.

His opponent, Almazán, is frankly and openly opposed to the extreme measures which have characterized Mexican governments since 1917. He has criticized in bitter terms the agrarian program, socialistic education, mistreatment of the Church, the abuse of labor legislation, the widespread lack of law and order which is so apparent throughout the country, and the rich politicians who gather wealth while pleading for "the cause of the proletariat." Under present circumstances, with the country's ballots firmly controlled by Camacho's backers, Almazán has hardly an outside chance to win. But his campaign, even though it prove futile, has helped to awaken the nation from its political lethargy and to arouse its better elements to action. In Mexico, that can mean only one thing—a steady drift away from radicalism and toward a new Mexican nationalism founded on true progress, actual democracy, and real equality before the law.

As is well known, President Cárdenas never has admitted that his government had anything in common with Russian Communism. His contention has been, and continues to be, that the Mexican Revolution is a phenomenon peculiar to the country and that the problems it seeks to correct must be solved within the limits of Mexico itself and not through the importation of foreign panaceas. In speech after speech, he has denied that his regime was Communistic. He abstained from using the customary jargon of the Communists; and even when he attacked foreign capitalism and imperialism he could very well have been quoting from dozens of respectable works from the pens of American university professors.

Cárdenas supported the governmental forces in the Spanish war, and he has given a traditional Mexican welcome to thousands of political refugees from that tragic affair. Yet he has never, it seems, considered seriously the possibility of renewing diplomatic relations with Russia, and twice within the past three months he has shocked Mexican Reds so terribly that many of the leaders denounced him openly and withdrew their "support" from his government. The first shock came when Cárdenas condemned in his usual frank and simple language the Russian attack on Finland; the second originated in his speech from Chilpancingo, where he took occasion to announce that his government "was not Communistic" and that he had no intention of interfer-



Acme Photo

General Juan Almazán, Mexican presidential candidate, speaking at a rally

ing, either openly or by subterfuge, in the coming presidential elections. And so it would seem that Lázaro Cárdenas the country's simon-pure Radical No. 1 has chosen to see the handwriting on the wall, has issued a warning to the Reds that he will lead no movement against the conservative tide which will, sooner or later, sweep the hidden Communists from power in Mexico.

Last fall, the country was aroused at news that the executive office had formulated a project to regulate the Third Article of the Constitution. Relating to education, Article Three had been reformed in 1934 to read: "Education in Mexico shall be socialistic." At that time, in spite of many protests, the Department of Education embarked on its program of Sovietization; but with the passing years, alarm died down and socialistic education became little more than a line in the law books. Therefore, it seemed that the new project had been designed to rectify all the errors committed since 1934; and when it was published (it filled more than a solid page of newspaper type) the worst fears of real educators were realized. Mexican education, from top to bottom, was to be so regulated, so regimented, that no school, university, secondary or primary, public or private, could escape the domination of the Government.

Mass meetings were held; prominent men and women throughout the country denounced the regulations as monstrous. Hundreds of petitions were sent to the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. Not since the oil lands were expropriated in 1938 had there been such an outburst of public opinion; the big difference this time was that the people were *against* the government's action instead of being *for* it as they had been two years previously.

But what price protests? At the very end of the year, the Chamber of Deputies suspended all rules and passed the project unanimously. Two days later, the Senate duplicated the action. In neither house was time taken to read the project in full. Two or three changes were made, one of which affirmed the autonomy of university education and of institutions which prepared for university work. Once again, the "representatives of the people" proved that the people were unrep-

resented in their own government.

If such a project, radical in the extreme, could pass so swiftly and become law, how can I use the incident as proof that there is a conservative swing going on in Mexico? Chiefly because of the almost unanimous protest against the law. The Mexican public is seldom articulate; the Mexican press seldom forthright in its condemnation of government projects. But in the case of the school laws, the voice of the country—public opinion—and the voice of the press, reached a new high in opposition to government action. It is a good sign; it means that a national conscience is either being developed or is awakening. One thinks of Bunker Hill—a defeat for the Americans—but it showed them they could fight, and it was a costly victory for the British.

Lombardo Toledano was, of course, in the first rank of those who shouted themselves hoarse on behalf of the changes in Article Three. Those deputies and senators who owed their seats to the power of the CTM, were told to vote for the project and forget everything else. The men and women who formed the opposition, among whom were many of the most noted scholars and educators in the country, were dubbed "reactionaries," "clericals," "imperialists," etc. Yes, in the latter part of December, 1939, the hatchet-faced leader of the Confederation of Mexican Workers once again tasted victory, was, perhaps, at the very pinnacle of his career as a labor leader.

Less than two months later (as this is written) Toledano has suffered the worst defeats of his political life, and the terrific loss of prestige attendant upon these defeats may well mean that his star is on its way into permanent eclipse. Several weeks ago, when he rose to address the national congress of the CTM in Mexico's National Theater of Fine Arts, hundreds of delegates from the powerful railroad union whistled and stamped in derision, spoiling the address and giving the press a juicy bit of insubordination to present to its readers the next day. Shortly after this, several members of a chauffeurs' union affiliated with the CTM, attacked and beat up the managing editor of *La Prensa*, a tabloid paper of markedly

pro-labor sympathies which had always opposed Toledano.

Following swiftly upon this, Toledano launched an attack on Emilio Portes Gil, provisional president after Obregon's death in 1928 and ever since considered to be one of the behind-the-curtain chieftains in every important Mexican political move. From New York, where he had gone on business, Portes Gil leveled such a scorching fire of words on Toledano's past life that the famed leader has not yet "found time" to answer. Again the papers, enraged at the CTM's repeated attempts to silence the press, taunted Toledano with the truth about his past and with his inability to answer charges made by a man who knows so well the hidden depths of Mexico's political cesspools.

But still another blow awaited the man whom some had come to call "the *real* president of Mexico." At the national convention of the teachers' union, the STERM, which is affiliated with the CTM, the Communists who planned to control the convention refused to allow "reactionary delegates" to take their seats. Since this group numbered approximately 450 out of about 1000 delegates, its members felt they were too important to be ignored. They went in a body to another meeting place and there organized a new teachers' union. One of their first questions directed to Toledano and his supporters was: "What has happened to the 600,000 pesos your agents collected from teachers in the form of dues since the union was founded?" The insurgent teachers assert that there is less than 5,000 pesos in the union treasury and they want Lombardo to explain where the rest went.

All the above facts, then, make up the picturesque mosaic of recent Mexican politics. By July many things will have happened. The elections will be over; Cárdenas will be on his way out; the schools will know whether the new Article Three is really going to be enforced or whether it is just another farce as it was in 1934. The European situation will have changed; Lombardo will have proved his capacity (if he has it) to withstand adversity. And when all these things have come to pass, I firmly believe that all the world will be able to detect Mexico's rightward drift.

Road to Rome

By EDWARD HAWKS

THE late Father James Bourne and I were staying for a few days at Camp Oscawana in the summer of 1908. On Monday morning July 20 we took a long walk over the hills to see Father Paul of Graymoor, to whom we owed so much for our conversion to the Catholic Church. We had never met him and we were wondering how we would be received. We had done exactly what he did not want us to do; that is, we had made our submission to the Church as individuals some months before and were already ecclesiastical students at St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook. A coincidence had made this visit possible. Father MacPherson of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, New York, who was in charge of the camp, was himself a convert, and he, as Bourne and myself, had once been an instructor at the High Church Seminary of Nashotah. We were at Oscawana by his invitation.

Things had been happening. An exodus of ministers from the Episcopal Church was in progress. A few weeks before, Dr. McGarvey, of Open Pulpit fame, and six of his associates had been received into the Church by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. A few days before, Mother Edith, Superior for twenty-five years of the Anglican Sisterhood at Peekskill, had made her submission, and we had seen her at the convent of Mother Catherine Drexel at Cornwells. Others were coming; indeed, it looked for a time like a landslide. And back of this movement was undoubtedly the activity of Father Paul who had made no move himself. We were curious to know why this was, and we had the temerity to go and ask him.

For five years Father Paul's magazine, *The Lamp*, had been causing a wild controversy in High Church circles. It advocated the return of the Episcopal Church to the obedi-

ence of the Pope. It did much more than this; it gave convincing reasons for such a step. It brought to Episcopalians the arguments which they had never seen because they had never read Catholic books. The first copies that reached the reading room at Nashotah were torn up and the students were furious. I remember the occasion very well for Bourne and I were then in residence. My dear friend, Father James Richey, then an Episcopal minister, expressed the opinion that Father Paul ought to be thrown out of the ministry. Little did he suppose that he, himself, was one day to become one of the Editors of *The Lamp*.

For ten years the Road to Rome had been almost untraveled—at least by ministers of the Episcopal Church. The condemnation of Anglican Orders had aroused indignation. Long before the time of Father Paul there had been advocates of "corporate reunion." These had all assumed that the English ordinations would

eventually be accepted, but now this hope seemed to be completely removed. Father Paul found a way out, by assuring his readers that the Papal Bull was not an exercise of infallibility. It was not *ex cathedra* and it would be withdrawn! To most of his readers this seemed to be a fond assumption. Bourne and I had read *The Lamp* with increasing sympathy for his arguments in favor of the Pope, but with an increasing wonder at Father Paul's position. How could he stay in the Anglican Church? We had had to get out or violate our consciences. What about him? Hence our curiosity.

Our way had been made quite plain. It had been assisted by the outbreak of Modernism—we called it the Open Pulpit Movement—in the Episcopal Church. The bishops had given the Liberals a free hand to wreck the Anglo-Catholic position. Having accepted the necessity for an Infallible Head to the Church on earth, the Open Pulpit offered a confirming proof that the Episcopal Church was not what we had thought it. Father Paul knew all this even better than we did, and yet he, who had brought us so far, seemed to be satisfied with staying in heresy and schism. Perhaps we ought to have asked ourselves why we had stayed as long as we did? Converts, however, do not ask themselves such questions in the warmth of their first enthusiasm. They take it for granted that everyone else ought to feel just as they do.

On our arrival at Graymoor we were not asked to enter the house; perhaps there was an altar in it, and Father Paul did not wish to put us to the awkward test of ignoring the Anglican Reserved Sacrament. The three of us sat on a long seat in the open air and talked. Father Paul was a good deal older than we and the situation was somewhat strained. It had meant very little sacri-



Father Paul of Graymoor. Before his conversion Father Paul was a strong advocate of "corporate reunion"

fice on our part to pack up our few belongings and go to Rome. In his case there were thousands who were looking to him for leadership. *The Lamp* had a large circulation, and the Church Unity Octave was already being observed all over the world, even by Catholics.

Father Paul *did* chide us. "You have been so precipitate; you thought only of yourselves. Why didn't you wait? There are thousands of others almost ready to come, and now you are frightening them away."

"But, dear Father Paul, how could we stay as teachers, when we no longer believed what we were pledged, and paid, to teach?"

"If you had stayed we might have had a Uniate Church with an English Liturgy."

"But we care nothing about an English Liturgy. Surely it would be impossible to use the Book of Common Prayer composed by the arch-heretic Cranmer?"

"You used the Book of Common Prayer long enough. McGarvey has written a book to defend it. You should have waited."

It was useless to argue. Father Paul was not ready. The grace of conversion had not yet come to him. There are many like him. His friend and co-operator, Reverend Spencer Jones, is still an Anglican. The chimera of Corporate Reunion still holds them. Something must happen to make the path plain. For us it had been the Open Pulpit. For Father Paul the Open Pulpit meant little or nothing. All the Anglican pulpits had been closed to him since the day on which he had preached a memorable sermon to the clergy assembled at a Rural Deanery. It had been several years before. An old friend and classmate had asked him to give a spiritual address, thinking that his appearance would give some additional interest to the usually dull proceedings.

He was not prepared for what happened. Father Paul had two addresses ready. He was going to avoid any controversy and would have done so had it not been for the previous reading of a passage of Holy Scripture in which the prophet was ordered to speak the truth boldly to the children of Israel. This convinced Father Paul that it was his duty to deliver the other sermon which was an appeal for the submission of the Anglican Church to

the Pope. There was consternation. Father Paul was not allowed to complete his discourse. The Dean arose and went on with the prayers! That was the last appearance that he made in any Anglican Church. Since then he had lived alone in extreme poverty on the rocky hill which he called the Mount of the Atonement.

Father Paul's conversion came a year later. Hitherto he had been protected from ecclesiastical censure by the Bishop of Delaware, who acted as visitor of Graymoor without understanding very clearly what Father Paul's position was. He considered him an honest man who had as much right to hold extreme opinions as those who were at the same time denying the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of Our Lord. The Bishop died and his successor, Dr. Kinsman, who afterward became a convert, was more logical. It was difficult to understand how anyone could teach obedience to the Pope and continue to exercise a sacerdotal ministry that had been declared to be null and void. Dr. Kinsman felt, and nearly everyone agreed with him, that he must withdraw his protection. It was then that Father Paul made his submission to Rome.

Before we left, Father Paul referred to himself. "You tell me to go to Rome. My father was told to do the same thing. The Oxford men were told to do the same thing. If they had taken the advice there would have been no Catholic revival in the Episcopal Church. If *they* had gone to Rome you would not have been here today advising me to follow you. There must be something more than a conviction that Rome is right. There must be a conviction that it is right for me to go to Rome now. I have no such conviction. To me it seems that there should be a Corporate Reunion, and this is being delayed by individual conversions."

It was clear that Father Paul was still under the influence of his dream. He still had visions of the Archbishop of Canterbury kneeling in homage to the Pope. This would be the glorious end of the Oxford Movement.

Even at this moment there is a strong Anglo-Roman Party in the Anglican Church which vaguely looks for something to happen. Its members are held back by reasons that they would not admit, even to

themselves. The ties of family and environment are strong, and few can hope to carry into the Catholic Church the associations that Father Paul took with him.

I have seen Father Paul many times since. His institute has grown into a large organization. From the time of his reception he has had the continuous blessing of Rome on all his undertakings. All his Anglican activities have continued and prospered—that is, all except one, and that the most important—Corporate Reunion. Here Father Paul failed. He received many converts into the Church but none of them were interested in Corporate Reunion. One by one they registered their opinion that the Anglican Church was a heretical sect without sacerdotal Orders or historical continuity. Father Paul had no more contacts with the Anglican Church. There were no "Conversations at Graymoor." No one came there to work for reunion.

Father Paul's conversion was a signal for an attack on his honesty. He was the object of a long legal fight to dispossess him of the property on which his Sisters had built their convent. His closest friends who had been enthusiastic Reunionists treated him as converts are usually treated. The most prominent of them are still Anglicans. They accused him of doing what he chided us for doing—going to Rome too soon. They have not moved an inch closer to Rome, nor is there any indication that they will ever do so.

It was not Father Paul's work to convert the Anglican Church. His Society has become a great missionary enterprise, but its influences have little concern with the separated brethren. They have a much wider scope. Those who were at his funeral must have been impressed with the attendance of the great multitude of lay people, by whom he is regarded as a saint of God. To these he had given a new interest in religion, and to many a new hope in life. Graymoor was a refuge for the down-and-outs. Anyone could go there and stay there. The monastic hospitality of the Middle Ages was revived, and Father Paul began with the Brothers of St. Christopher. It was a strange metamorphosis—the representative of the most elegant clergy in this country—the Episcopal ministers—becoming the friend and champion of the knights of the road.



He glanced back toward the platform. In a moment the sentry would turn, and when he turned he could not fail to see what was happening. There was no time for reflection

The Escape

Francis Carty

illustrator charles peitz

HAVING poked at the mortar for three days with a nail, Stephen O'Leary dislodged the first stone from the cell wall.

He was a chubby, sensitive youth of twenty-two, with an easy smile. After six months in jail as a prisoner-of-war he had become rather flabby.

With the help of his cell-mate, Martin Boyle, he hid the stone under the lining of his mattress, which had been ripped to receive it.

Boyle kept muttering through his teeth, making a hissing sound. He was a yellow-faced, wizened, gray-haired man who might have been

any age between thirty and forty-five.

Stephen shoved his arm through the hole in the wall into black air which was very cold. As he had thought, only a single layer of stones separated the cell from the chimney shaft.

There was a sharp knock at the door. He covered the hole hastily with his kit-bag.

Jack Higgins entered the cell. He was not received with much enthusiasm. Boyle got up and went out rather pointedly. Boyle always thought Higgins was jeering at him, though Stephen said this wasn't so.

Higgins was a lanky, domineering fellow of twenty-five, with splay feet, huge hands, a long nose, and secretive eyes. He had spent a few weeks in Stephen's part of the country after Stephen had been taken prisoner, and on the strength of this brief association with Aclaman he was forcing his friendship on Boyle and O'Leary.

They did not like him. They thought he was not sincere. They thought he was keeping in with them merely to take advantage of any escape they might plan. They suspected he was at the same time planning escape with other groups of prisoners.

As Boyle said: "He wants to get in on our stunt but he won't let us in on his."

Higgins had developed the habit of calling every night to play chess with Stephen, who tolerated him for the sake of the game. Yet Stephen never really enjoyed these games. With Higgins, he had always a sense of intellectual inferiority, and this was strongest and most irritating when the visitor was whacking him at chess, which happened nearly every time they played.

Last night Higgins had noticed a few specks of white dust on the cell floor, and now, as he sat down, crossing his awkward legs, he asked straight out, "How's the job going?"

Stephen answered reluctantly. "We've only just started."

Higgins grinned. "What's your intention?" he persisted.

"We're thinking of lowering ourselves through the chimney shaft into the kitchen."

Higgins said no more then, but he had shown that he meant to keep his eye on that hole in the wall.

They started playing. By dint of intense straining, Stephen secured a dominating position early in the game. Grimly resolved not to lose this chance of victory, he spent a long time over his next move. For once he would beat Higgins.

While pondering, he realized that Higgins had produced and was slyly admiring a snapshot.

"I saw a little friend of yours when I was passing through Aclaman," Higgins had smiled aggravatingly as he showed this snapshot to Stephen the day he landed in jail.

It was a picture of Marcella Murphy. She was sitting on a mound

and Higgins had his arm around her waist.

Now Stephen had known Marcella for over a year, having stayed frequently at her father's farm during the fighting. Often, when saying good-by, he had held her hand a moment longer than was necessary. He had meant to tell her some day that she would have to marry him. Yet, here was a stranger throwing his arms around her waist as he rushed through the district, and she seemed to enjoy it!

He pretended to ignore the lanky fellow's taunting chuckles at the far side of the chess-board, but the snapshot distracted him. He made a foolish and fatal move.

Higgins rubbed his hands gleefully. "That about finishes you, I think."

"Have another," growled Stephen.

"Not tonight."

Only then did Stephen notice that Higgins had a clean collar and freshly polished boots and leggings. In a place where few bothered about appearances, and Higgins was not usually one of them, this was a sure sign that some important event was pending.

So when the lanky fellow de-

parted, Stephen, at a cautious distance, followed him to his cell.

Higgins emerged a moment later wearing hat and trench-coat. He streaked through the darkness along the narrow landing and down the steel stairway to the ground floor.

Crowds of prisoners were taking a walk before bed time, up and down, up and down, along the ground floor. Stephen mingled with them.

At the gate into the yard stood Higgins and five other fellows in trench-coats. Twenty yards beyond this gate ran the outer wall of the prison, near the top of which a sentry paced along a wooden platform. If the prison were attacked from outside, the sentry could fire over the wall, but his principal job was to keep an eye on the yard gate.

Watching from a dark corner, Stephen saw Higgins stretching up to a bar at the top of the gate. Evidently this bar and the one beside it had already

been weakened with a hack-saw, for Higgins was able to bend the two bars with his huge hands and make a fairly wide opening. . . .

Higgins had patiently plotted with one of the sentries, a man from his own part of the country, and that afternoon the sentry had smuggled a message through the barbed wire: he would be on the platform at ten-thirty P.M. and at the same hour two particular friends of his would be on duty in the nearest machine-gun post. For a guarantee of fifty pounds these three men had undertaken to let Higgins and five other prisoners out over the wall. Here at last, it seemed, was the chance which unexpected difficulties had so often postponed.

But the sentry happened to be an enemy intelligence officer, detailed to make contact with enterprising prisoners for the purpose of neutralizing efforts to escape. . . .

So when Higgins began whistling softly the signal agreed upon, it was not his false friend but another sentry who responded.

"Get back from that gate," shouted the sentry,



He realized that Higgins had produced and was slyly admiring a snapshot. It was a picture of Marcella Murphy

pointing his rifle at the whistling prisoner.

Cursing disgustedly, Higgins and his disappointed comrades returned to their cells.

Stephen clung to the dark corner. There and then he decided that a solo attempt at escape, which neither spy nor sentry could betray, offered the only hope of success.

He gazed with sudden excitement at the gap between the bars. Tomorrow, perhaps tonight, the damage would be repaired . . .

Now, if at all, was the time to act.

THE platform sentry paced slowly along his beat. He covered forty yards between the machine-gun post at the corner of the wall on the right and the wooden steps connecting his platform with the ground beyond the barbed-wire barricade on the left.

He passed the gate on his way toward the machine-gun post.

Stephen wriggled between the bars and paused motionless in the gateway.

The sentry plodded heavily back. His big, lumbering figure tramped toward the platform steps.

Between the gate and the wall stood a thin island of shrubbery. Here Stephen lay, stretched stiffly on his stomach, when the sentry returned again; he kept his hands under his chest and his face against the ground, for their whiteness might have betrayed his position.

The sentry passed slowly, and did not see him.

He crawled across the bare stretch of shadow toward the wall, which he reached before the sentry made another turn.

Now, he was out of sight of the machine-gunners, and the sentry could not see him without looking straight down over the platform rails. But here he must lie, perhaps for an hour, until the shadow of the prison reached the barbed-wire barricade across the yard.

Though still enclosed by a fourteen-foot wall which he had no means of climbing, he already felt the exhilaration of freedom. Outside, the war was still going on, and he might stop a bullet tomorrow, but fighting was better any day than the reproachful safety of a prison cell. Somehow, he did not look forward with much enthusiasm to the chance of meeting Marcella Murphy.

It was the not very lofty hope of beating Higgins at an escape that gave him the greatest satisfaction.

Across the town the cathedral bells chimed eleven.

Sergeant "Bowsy" approached.

"Put out those lights!" he bawled, discharging shots at the cell windows.

Defiant cheers answered him.

"There's blood on the moon!" thundered Patsy Blake, a funny little prisoner with a booming voice who made a practice of shouting nonsensical phrases to keep up the morale of his comrades.

The cheering changed to nine hundred laughs.

Stephen, crouching tensely within twenty yards of an angry sergeant's hot revolver, did not care a tuppence, just then, for the morale of the prisoners.

The sentry overhead paused on the platform. He spat to the ground within a few feet of Stephen.

Then, fortunately, another prisoner began singing, and "Bowsy" went off to pepper his window. As most of the candles were out by this time, the sergeant did not return to Stephen's end of the yard.

When at length the moon slanted the prison's shadow across the barricade and a stretch of ground beyond it, Stephen ventured the next stage of his journey.

Taking advantage of a slight gap between the loosely coiled wire and the wall, which he had often noticed during the daytime, he squeezed himself under the barricade. At the cost of a few scratches he reached the right-angled corner five yards beyond the barricade where a seven-foot wall joined the outer wall of the prison.

From this low wall it should be possible to reach the top of the outer wall. Should he do that and make a wild jump for freedom? The top of the outer wall was whitewashed. He would be seen crossing it. But he should be off the wall in a second and the darkness of the field should give him an even money chance of dodging the bullets.

He hesitated. He was afraid to risk it. Short-winded by jail life, he had no faith in any effort depending upon fleetness of foot or staying power.

He must get over the wall unobserved: that was his only chance.

Beyond the seven-foot wall and

close to the outer wall stood a large stone building.

If he climbed the lower wall this building might provide the means necessary to climb the outer wall.

He waited until the platform sentry's back was turned. Then he knew he had about four minutes to spare.

He jumped to his feet. He made a grab for the top of the wall. His fingers caught a smooth stone. He tried to pull himself up. His fingers slipped. He groped for a firmer grip on the top of the wall. Barely an inch of stone supported his body. His right hand gripped a sharp stone. His left hand found another. He clambered to the top of the wall.

He glanced back toward the platform. The sentry was within a few feet of the machine-gun post. In a moment he would turn and when he turned he could not fail to see what was happening.

In the briefest of seconds Stephen's quick, excited eye covered the building in front. It stood at least three yards from the outer wall. A wider gap than he had supposed, farther than he could stretch or jump. But from a projection at the gable end of the building hung a rope. By means of that rope, he might swing himself over the outer wall.

There was no time for reflection. Already the sentry on the platform might have turned.

Stephen crouched. In a sudden panic he sprang, catching the rope in mid-air with one hand.

THE building was the prison chapel, which he had never recognized from the yard, having always approached it through the hospital from the other end of the prison. And the rope he had caught was the rope of the chapel bell.

Never before had the bell clanged as loudly as it clanged at that moment with Stephen swinging from the rope . . .

They kept him in the guardroom until morning, and when they kicked him back into his cell the first thing he heard was the news that Jack Higgins had just escaped.

"Higgins was in touch with a man in the kitchen all the time," said Martin Boyle, scraping patiently at the hole in the wall. "He went out in the garbage cart, buried under a heap of pig wash. They haven't missed him yet. That fella! He's as cute as an eel!"



The author with some of his young Peking friends

BABES IN ARMS

By

WENDELIN

MOORE, C.P.

THERE is much happiness here in Peking, though other parts of China are straitened with war—war which blasts all happiness from human hearts and even stills the laughter on the lips of children. And where children no longer laugh, that place must indeed be sad. But here in Peking, children are as children should be, happy in their noisy romplings, their gay laughter filling the air and they themselves running everywhere.

The streets and alleys are filled with them—tiny tots who get entangled with your legs as you walk by; and if you take to a bike, your hand must be continually near the brake, ready to jam it on lest you run them down. Then, too, practically every woman is carrying a baby still too young to walk, in addition to the brood tripping over her skirts.

When first I planned this article I intended to write about these children, the multitude of them, their play and their fun, and the many humorous incidents in which they figure. I thought to take the children chronologically, beginning with the infants and working on from

them. However, the infants provided so many problems and so much material for reflection that I fear I must save the chronicle about the other tots till later and concentrate now upon the babes in arms.

I had been accustomed to seeing babies carried in only one way—the way it is done in the United States—nestling in the crook of their mothers' arms. Here, however, most of them are carried Indian fashion, tied to their mothers' backs. The Japanese women (and since the Japanese occupation of Peking, there are many) invariably carry their infants in this way. Some of the Chinese carry them in their arms but their manner seems to suggest that they are not accustomed to it.

Now that it is rather cold the babes in arms are bundled up in all manner of covering, layer after layer of it, and the whole topped with a wrapping of screaming scarlet. The baby has the same bulky and unwieldy proportions as a sack of potatoes. No trace of the baby is visible. It is somewhere inside the "sack" and presumably alive and doing well. Yet there are no lusty

yells to reassure one of this state of well-being. Perhaps the baby really is yelling his head off. If so, it is all in vain, for the baby has not been born that could pierce the muffled silence of that mass of covering.

The mothers look as though they really are carrying sacks of potatoes. Their arms are barely able to encircle the bundle and at times they seem to have difficulty in keeping it properly balanced. I see them coming down the street with this scarlet mass swaying before them.

So much for the babes in arms! The ones on the back really set me pondering. These heavily wrapped infants (there is a little head at the top of this kind of bundle) are tied to their mothers' backs and with every step taken bob up and down like corks upon the waves. At times the jouncing a baby receives swings him into a grotesque position with his head lolling over his mother's shoulder. This is quickly remedied. Mother gives a hitch to her shoulder and Baby is jerked back into place. When Mother rides in a ricksha the severe jolts at least must knock the wind out of Baby.

I wonder that the little ones put up with it. I should think some enterprising infant with a flair for organizing would come along and start a general squawk for more gentle handling. And they could carry their point, for think what an unearthly din would be raised if every infant in this city—and their number is legion—would raise a howl every time it was carried.

The tots who are able to toddle would soon join in sympathy; public spirit would be aroused in their favor, and in no time the mothers would be only too glad to arbitrate. Yet perhaps the babies themselves want it this way for they seem content with conditions, perchance thinking in their hearts that if they can stand the knocks now, later on they will also be able to take the knocks of life.

At the present time, however, it is not the question of a better deal for infants that is troubling me. Rather I am looking at the situation from the other angle—that of the mothers. The problem no doubt is a minor one and of no importance; yet it has me puzzled. By setting the difficulty down on paper (the true scientific method, I believe) and testing the possible solutions to the

question, light may dawn to dissipate my perplexity.

This is what puzzles me: how does a mother *single-handed* get her infant on her back and securely lash it there? Silly question, isn't it? Yet it is not one that can be brushed aside with a shrug: "Oh, they are used to doing it"; for this feat of lashing a baby to the back is not something in which one acquires dexterity with practice. There can be no practice. You must be perfect the first time. The slightest slip and the infant tumbles to the ground. And as everyone knows, you cannot go around dropping babies on their heads!

I can see how the difficulty disappears if a third party is around to give the baby a boost and lend a steady hand till it is tied in place. But to accomplish this single-handed! I fear the thing is beyond me. I have pondered the problem and a few ways and means have suggested themselves.

The idea of a block and tackle being used to hoist the infant and hold him in place till the cords are fastened, I have brushed aside as impractical. Every home equipped with a block and tackle! It sounds like the ultimate in a machine-age world and the Chinese are not machine-minded. Again I have toyed with the idea of the mother down upon the floor on all fours coaxing Baby to take a running jump, or perhaps making use of a plank as an incline up which to crawl. Later that may be the way it is done, but at this stage of the game Baby cannot even crawl, let alone indulge in any high-jumping.

One way that might work would be to prop up the baby on a couch or a bed and then back into it, this idea being a steal on a truck backing into a loading platform. Even this apparently simple way has its difficulties. You can prop him up easily enough, but babies are so tricky, so undependable, (and so wobbly), that unless you wedge him in you can be sure that just as soon as your back is turned he will topple over and you will have to start again from scratch. To achieve success in this way a certain amount of guile is necessary. An easy, careless manner—the nonchalant attitude—then a quick turn, and, if you are lucky, before the baby realizes what you are up to you will have rendered



Playing safe—no chances on strapping

him powerless. Whistling a lively tune might also aid in momentarily throwing him off his guard.

Still another method of attack presents itself. Take a good wrestling grip on the infant's wrists followed by a jiu jitsu twirl over the head (keeping of course your grip on the wrists) and the baby alights on your back. If you can follow through with a piece of clever acrobatic balancing till he is tied there, you have him. That science of self-defense known as jiu jitsu had its origin in these climes. I am not surprised. Why it is nothing more than an elaborate development of this trick of getting Baby on your back!

It seems that as soon as the infants are able to walk they are trained in carrying some other youngster on their backs. Little ones barely able to walk themselves go around toting on their backs their little brother or sister. Yet this does not cramp their style any. They play their games, shoot marbles, and run around while the youngster on their back has a merry time of his own.

Neither are grandparents exempt from this task of baby-carrying. You see them with their hands clasped behind them in a careless sort of way with some little one perched on their hands for a seat. This is the only support the child has and you expect to see him tumble over backwards any moment. But no! He stays with them all the time! This surely is the land of the pickabacks.

Warning Bells

By RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P.

"BONG—bong, bong—bong, bong, bong;" there goes the air raid alarm, or as the Chinese call it "*Chin Bao*" (pronounced gin bow). Once the warning bells ring out the danger signal, there is excitement throughout the city. In the Mission all work stops, the American flags are unfurled, windows and doors are opened; registers, medicines and other valuables are quickly put in the dugout, and in a few minutes the priest is ready to move to safer quarters. Along with him go the inmates of the Mission.

Supu is the nearest city of the Yüanling Vicariate to the Front, with the result that it gets more and longer alarms than any of our other Missions. Its position is such also that more planes fly over it. During 1939 Supu had 73 air raid alarms and 455 planes flew over the city. There are short alarms that last from three to four hours and the long alarms of eight and nine hours. The alarms come at all times. The earliest so far was 5:30 A.M. and the latest at 12:30 midnight. However, most of the alarms come between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M.

The alarms in Supu are given by three large bells (two of which belong to the Mission) placed in different sections of the city, so that all can hear the warning at a distance of about a mile away. There are three signals given.

The first warning is one-one two, one-one two, (bong-bong bong, etc.). The second alarm is the urgent and is rung fast (bong-bong-bong-bong). The third bell is tolled very much as is done at funerals in the United States, although here it connotes happiness, meaning "all clear."

In good sunny weather an air raid alarm can be expected, but on no day is there certainty of peace. Supu has had alarms, and planes have flown over in rain and fog. Nor are Sunday and feast days excepted. On Christmas evening at 5:20 P.M. there was an alarm and at 6 o'clock 27 Japanese planes flew over. The scene is unforgettable, but it would need an artist and a poet to do it justice. The sky was cloudless and there was a beautiful sunset beyond the hills which skirt Supu. A few early stars were peeping out from the purple and blue heavens when the thunder of the bombers was heard. There in

a single line across the sky, not in the usual formation of threes, stretched those 27 silver planes. In the reflected light of the setting sun it reminded one of a ruby necklace or a Christmas tree ornament, a thing of beauty—the messengers, not of peace to men of good will, but of death and destruction, as these machines of war sped on their way to the bombing of Chihkiang.

War is a terrible thing, and no one in this wide world knows it better than the long-suffering Chinese people. These daily, sometimes twice daily alarms are unpleasant reminders to those behind the lines that after two and a half years the conflict still goes on. Most of the people of this territory never saw a train or an automobile, yet even the babies know the name and have seen the airplane, and see in it only a monster of death.

To date Supu, thank God, has been spared a bombing, though cities further in the Vicariate such as Chenki and Yüanling have had several raids, and Chihkiang very many. Supu hopes and prays she will have nothing more than alarms, though she wishes they were not so frequent. During the first ten days of January there were ten alarms—perfect score as it were—something Ripley might take notice of.

Nothing but sin is entirely bad. So too,



Chinese American Medical Aid Bureau

After the raiders have gone—wounded receiving medical aid

with these alarms, something good can be said for them. Their propaganda qualities cannot be doubted: better than the radio, of which there are only a few in the interior; or of the newspapers, readable by only a small percentage of the people. But the alarms tell in a most forcible manner to the whole population that Japan is their enemy. The people of China are thus united as never before in history.

Other good things can be said for the alarms. It means that many old folk and especially the women are forced to get out of their stuffy, smoky, and unsanitary houses, taking the much-needed exercise of walking out of the city, and sitting in the sun and fresh air. Certainly as a health measure they do much good.

Air raid alarms have a demoralizing effect on the population. This is only partly true, however. For the Chinese, though they may curse the Japanese when the danger signal is given, go along laughing and joking and talking about everything under the sun except war. The Chinese do not worry. They have a sense of humor and often see the funny side of life even when it is not there.

These alarms play havoc with the school horarium, but that is partly overcome by beginning classes at 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning. When an alarm is given, the pupil picks up his books and off he goes with the crowd. The alarm period is not exactly a time of play for the school children. You'll find them scattered about in small groups with their books, either studying or asking each

other questions about the lesson. Actual warfare has not interrupted school work in China. Many high schools and colleges from other parts of China have moved in a body into the interior. Thus Supu can now boast of a University of Peiping formerly situated in the old capital.

For the Missionary the alarms mean much time spent outside the Mission, and work delayed. Yet after a few alarms he sees the possibilities of the situation, and like the Chinese feels the humor of life. First in regard to meals, since the noon hour is often spent a mile from the Mission. Each morning after breakfast the cook prepares a sandwich and two boiled eggs, with a thermos bottle of hot water. If there is an alarm—this is lunch. If there is no alarm the sandwich and eggs are part of supper. This lunch the Chinese call the "*Chin Bao Lunch*." The Breviary and some other book for reading are put in a cloth bag, along with binoculars. At the usual place of waiting is a folding chair. The seat of this is a piece of detachable cloth that is brought home after each alarm, which insures against the chair being used by others.

The mule is always held in readiness, and a few minutes after the first alarm the priest is on "Jane's" back. The mule is taken for her own protection, and for the "lift" she can give; for with her, we ford a shallow river and save time and in fifteen minutes have arrived at the hiding place. Thus it is easy to get a sun-tan



Chinese Red Cross in action after bombing

Atlantic City would be proud of.

The last alarm in Supu was a freak alarm and deserves special mention, being the shortest ever, having lasted only ten minutes. The first bell was the "*urgent*." This meant danger—that enemy planes were near without having been detected. No time was lost in getting out, but before we reached our rest place the "all clear" was sounded. Returning to the Mission we found out the reason for the alarm. Near the Yamen (Official Quarters) there was a fight and someone is supposed to have pulled a gun. One of those standing by got the bright idea to ring the alarm bell. Needless to say it ended the fight, but the brilliant one got in plenty of trouble and will have a few days in jail where he can devise less radical ways of ending a brawl.

In spite of alarms and other difficulties of war, the work for souls goes on, thank God. For Christmas there were record crowds baptized in a number of the Missions of the Vicariate. In Supu for the Feast of Epiphany there were 103 baptized—85 of whom were adults. Among the number to become Christians were 40 war refugees from other Provinces, and of these 13 were Mohammedans. Truly does God bring good out of evil! Without the war these refugees most likely would never have come to the knowledge of God and the love of Christ.

Thus the missionaries are happy and encouraged. They can still smile and laugh and see the humor of life and even in war enjoy peace. They look forward to "peace with justice" and ask the readers of THE SIGN to pray for that intention.



Supu is the nearest Passionist Mission to the battle line



"It is truly meet and just, right and for salvation, that we should at all times and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O holy Lord, Father almighty, everlasting God."

IT MAY seem a little strange to you, or perhaps you may even be somewhat scandalized to learn, that when the Yüanling seminarians went on picnics they often went to pagan temples. Why is this? Because the Chinese pagan temple is a recreation center as well as a place of worship. Some of these temples make ideal picnic grounds and everybody uses them as such.

In our Vicariate many of them are situated on mountain tops and are surrounded by large groves of oak, pine, or other trees. Indeed it is very difficult to find such delightful groves except on temple property. Up among the trees a gentle breeze is always stirring, and it is cool and shady. I must admit it is a very warm task to climb to these high places.

The temples' accommodations for picnics are excellent. Special rooms are set aside for guests. In these rooms there are tables for visitors. All about are chairs and benches on which you may rest yourself at leisure. The bonze who acts as guest-master is very cordial and does

his apprentice, a novice, pours it. If you should care to purchase some candy, small cakes, or watermelon seeds, a moderate supply of each is on hand.

As soon as he learns that you intend to spend the whole day there he offers you the use of the monks' stove. The pagan monks being perpetual abstainers from meat, they allow no meat or meat juices to touch their stoves. If it is a question of cooking plain macaroni it is perfectly all right to use their stove. The firewood, salt, and oil you use for cooking are also taken at times from the monks' supplies; in return for which an adequate offering is made on departing. If you wish, you may even invite one of the travelling kitchens from the main street of the city to come to the temple and prepare the lunch for you. Everything is done to suit your own convenience.

How do we spend the time there? It all depends on how great a distance we have to travel before we reach the place. If we simply cross the river at Yüanling and climb Phoenix mountain, after a short rest we will descend and go in for a swim before luncheon. The same will be true if we walk up along the North River to Dragon Boat Mountain. If it is a journey of 10 or 15 miles to

PICNIC AMONG THE IDOLS

By MICHAEL A. CAMPBELL, C.P.

everything to make your visit a pleasant one. He greets you just inside the main door with a bow (of course there is no mention of coming to worship idols for he immediately recognizes that you are from the Catholic mission) and then he escorts you to the guest rooms. Quickly he prepares tea for the group, and he or

the temples at *Chang An Shan* or *Si Tsi An*, then we take a good long rest after arriving there. The boys might sit about discussing the various events that happened during the trip, or climb some small trees, or stroll through the grove looking for new types of flowers.

At *Ri Lu Shan* they usually spend the first hour or so sitting on the edge of the cliff watching the activity on the river below at Wusu, or viewing the high mountains to the North of that hamlet. Here at the temple a little before luncheon a few of the boys will sit about a table just to one side of the principal idols, within what we would call the sanctuary, and play chess. When luncheon is ready we eat it from this table. Previously somewhere about the temple grounds we have said the Angelus; now as we begin the meal we say grace. What a strange situation, saying grace before meals in a pagan temple, with worshippers only ten feet away on their knees praying to the idols. What a contrast!

After luncheon, while the boys continue their game of chess, I often take the opportunity to say my Office. At first I felt a little hesitant about doing this, with idols and incense smoke all about me. But as I continued on I felt more encouraged, realizing what a privilege it was to be able to praise God in a place where he had received nothing but dishonor for so many centuries. Now whenever I see a pagan temple seated on a mountain top, its white walls gleaming in the late afternoon sun—and this is one of the most beautiful sights in all China—a yearning comes over me to take the boys there on a picnic.

There all of us give praise to our God, the One True God. Living in China makes one realize more and more each day, that: "It is truly meet and just, right and for salvation, that we should at all times and

in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O holy Lord, Father almighty, everlasting God."

Now that I am back at Yüanling, after our long and adventurous journey through Annam and western China, naturally my thoughts go back to the old days before the war. Then our outings with the seminarians were regular. To keep the boys too confined is harmful for lads who have lived in the open. Of course the bombings here and the care of the refugees has upset everything. Still we hope to get back to the old routine when peace comes.

It is not only in the temples that we contact pagan practices. We are surrounded by them. Take the boatmen, for instance.

"Don't sit down with your legs dangling over the side of the boat, it may not negotiate the next rapids, then we shall all be drowned," my boy informed me after I had indulged in the innocent diversion. Not long afterwards one morning we both got up early to see the flood waters of the river. They had come perilously close to the vacant plot opposite the mission and both of us ran over to watch a boatman weaving his skiff in and out among the half submerged trees and spearing logs which had broken loose from some raft up river.

"I say, old fellow," I called to the boatman, "aren't you taking chances with your boat in the swirling waters? You had better watch out or else you will fall out and get drowned."

He didn't answer but sailed along, not heeding me. When he was sufficiently out of hearing my boy said to me, "He understood you, but you shouldn't have alluded to drowning. It's as bad as saying that he would die." Boatmen never mention the word death nor its equivalent in the morning.

The Chinese themselves slip up on occasion and then we do some good-natured joshing, which is usually taken without offense. One day I had the mason come to whitewash the kitchen to make it spick and span for the Chinese New Year. He was plying his long brush. I was in another room talking over some business with the catechist when I heard a yell emanating from the kitchen. At first I thought that the mason had fallen off the scaffolding

and I visioned a broken arm or leg.

Fortunately it wasn't that. My boy had only borrowed the mason's brick knife to loosen a stone in the gutter so as to get at his pen knife which had slipped from his hand. The brick knife was covered with mud and he washed it. That accounted for the yell. I heard the mason explain that his knife must never be washed and that he couldn't have a happy New Year because it had been, and it was all I could do to make him understand that the boy hadn't done it intentionally.

My explanation seemed to satisfy and the incident was forgotten. That night over the supper table I said to the boy jokingly, "Well, I see you don't know that masons have their superstitions; they never wash their tools." He looked at me quickly and smiled.

There is one Chinese, at least, who doesn't fear the superstitious curses of a beggar. Mrs. Chen is one of those strong characters who despises such nonsense. This was vividly impressed on the beggar who dared to steal her trousers. I once had had the same experience and did precisely the same as she.

It was Sunday. The Christians were in Church; the gateman had dozed off and the beggar concerned in this story had wandered into the compound. But chance would have it that the cook remembered he hadn't locked the back door. This circumstance was a timely one. As the cook stepped out of the church, he noticed the beggar. After fixing the fellow's image clearly in mind and telling him to be off, he went to lock the door. On his return to the church he didn't bother further with the beggar, probably thinking that the gateman was keeping an eye on him.

The roving eye of the straggler-in hadn't missed the Chen family clothes line and Mrs. Chen's best trousers hanging there. It was tempting fate to filch them and had the fellow thought twice and thus stayed his thieving hand he might have spared himself a tongue lashing.

Mass was over and the women had gathered around the guest room door talking over the gossip of the week. Mrs. Chen was the center of admiration as she told what an enjoyable time she had had at the Lee banquet yesterday. While she was describing what Mrs. So and So

wore, she looked towards the clothesline and then paused dramatically. She stared in bewilderment and a puzzled look came over her face, so that Mrs. Lin, her nearest neighbor asked nervously, "Are you ill, my dear?" "Ill! Why, my best trousers are missing from the clothesline. What shall I wear tomorrow?"

A MISER separated from his gold couldn't have been more downcast. Mrs. Chen fretted and fumed. Just then the cook who had been out to buy the morning vegetables was returning. As he came along, the hubbub of excited voices gave him a hint that something unusual was afoot. Mrs. Chen had asked everyone but him about her trousers and now she implored him to do something.

"Ah!" he said with the air of a hero, "I declare. It was the beggar whom I saw this morning in the compound. Just be patient and I'll go look for him after breakfast." I don't know what persuasion he brought to bear on the beggar, but whatever it was the fellow was brave enough to see it through.

So he came. "I didn't take your trousers," he told Mrs. Chen while she lashed him furiously with her angry tongue.

"Own up or my husband will tie you up and have the soldiers come." She could have easily subdued him herself for she is a strapping big woman and the beggar was a pigmy and frail in comparison. Still he wouldn't own up to the theft.

Finally Mrs. Chen played her biggest card and said, "The priest is in there," pointing to my office. "I've but to step in and ask him for his card and that means prison for you." With that she made for my room. The ruse worked and he confessed that he had sold the trousers to the owner of an opium den.

"Just as I thought, you impudent rascal," Mrs. Chen cried in rage, and would have struck the beggar into insensibility if she hadn't been restrained. He was thoroughly frightened. He couldn't run for he was lame and to see him in his embarrassment bow awkwardly to her was amusing. At this juncture, I stepped out and told the cook to bring the fellow along with him to the opium den and have the matter over with. The story proved true and trousers were redeemed for thirty cents, and that settled the whole rumpus.



Spencer Tracy plays the role of Major Rogers in "Northwest Passage"

AS THE theatre nears the close of another season, the conclusion is inescapable that the period has been more static than progressive and more imitative than creative. Ample evidence of this can be found in the current plays and the casualties of the past six months. The drama critics have made their views on the matter public, by postponing their annual award until after the opening of Robert Emmett Sherwood's new play, *Revelation*.

It is a regrettable and inexcusable state of affairs when a meager half-dozen plays out of a hundred are worthy of the attentions of the public. It is regrettable, considering the talent being wasted, and inexcusable in view of the minimum cost of \$10,000 per play.

The notable exceptions to the season's mass fiasco are the biting satire *The Man Who Came to Dinner*; the human and humorous *Life with Father*; the revival of O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, and *Two for the Show*, a genuinely clever musical revue. Not a very impressive record for what was heralded as a year of great promise.

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In spite of all the incontrovertible evidence brought

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

forth in recent months, Ernest Hemingway still remains an apologist for the Spanish Loyalist cause.

His first play, *THE FIFTH COLUMN*, deals with the efforts of counter-espionage agents in beleaguered Madrid to discover the Franco sympathizers within the gates.

Philip Rawlings, an American correspondent and bewildered idealist, works for the Loyalist Intelligence Division. His partner is a disfigured refugee from Nazi-land, who has become, to use his own phrase, "a soldier of freedom and for the dignity of man on the battle fronts of the world."

The fact that their actions behind the lines are not in any way compatible with their lofty idealism is typical Hemingway procedure. It allows for some of the most offensive vulgarity and sacrilegious display seen in the theatre in some time. An attempt will probably be made to excuse the latter on the grounds that the author was merely dramatizing actual occurrences. That is weak extenuation for the insolent affront to every Catholic member of the audience. His antipathetic attitude toward the clergy does not occasion any surprise nor does it qualify him as an unbiased journalist.

The Theatre Guild has given the play an exceptionally fine background and production, highlighting the moments of suspense and excitement. Franchot Tone



One of the opening scenes of MGM's production, "Northwest Passage"



Walter Brennan, Robert Young, and Spencer Tracy in an outstanding scene

plays the part of the correspondent with skill and ease. It is, from all reports, a role in which he believes strongly. Katherine Locke is sincerely forthright as an American girl searching for her brother who had been a member of the Lincoln Brigade. Lee Cobb as Max, the refugee, and Lenore Ulric are well cast in their respective roles.

We cannot recommend the production because of its political inconsistencies, its blatant vulgarity, and its anti-religious tenor.

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There has been nothing quite so pathetic in recent years as the attempts of John Barrymore to re-capture his public in the comedy, MY DEAR CHILDREN. The "Hamlet" of 1923 has become 1940's "Falstaff" with the eager assistance of a sensation-seeking press.

The authors of his play have obviously not exerted themselves in providing him with a vehicle. They have merely copied from the Barrymore memoirs, added a few tabloid touches, and relied on the star's publicity value to do the rest. The result is a field day for the Barrymore wit but hardly a stimulant for playgoers.

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Clifford Odets of the clenched-fist school of play-writing decided to investigate the possibilities of a heterogeneous combination of a fairy tale and the social drama. Marx has been temporarily discarded for Hans Christian Andersen and with less than record-breaking results.

NIGHT MUSIC as a play failed to please either the enthusiastic Odets admirers or those who prefer their entertainment on a less rabidly intense scale. The current protagonist and mouthpiece for the Odetsian phraseology is a frustrated and socially embittered young Greek-American who has a slight skirmish with the law. He is aided by a young actress and a kind-hearted detective who play fairy godmother and good genie to the grown-up problem child.

There is an abundance of vehement protest and soap-box oration in the accepted manner of left-wing dramatists, adding up to a rather exhausting evening.

Elia Kazan plays in the manner of Odets heroes, and at times, his intense approach to the job at hand and his fiery style seemed more the result of an act-or-die complex than an inner conviction or understanding of the character. Jane Wyatt, one of the theatre's most interesting ingenues, is excellent in a rather carelessly developed role. Morris Carnovsky bridged over many of the play's rough spots with a deft performance.

Odets is class-conscious to the degree that his talents for writing and characterization are subordinated. All of which may be clever socialistic practice but not very good theatre.

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After an absence of some fifteen years Ruth Chatterton made a brief and inauspicious return to the theatre in John Van Druten's LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN.

Above: May Robson and Anna Neagle in RKO's adaptation of the musical comedy "Irene"

Center: Mickey Rooney with Virginia Weidler, Fay Bainter, and George Bancroft, who appear with him in "Young Tom Edison"

Below: Miriam Hopkins and Errol Flynn are starred in Warner Bros. "Virginia City"



Taken from the London police files, it is the story of a dissolute woman whose chauffeur murders her husband. The crime is followed in drear procession by confessions from both of them; her recantation; the trial and execution of the chauffeur, and the final act suicide of the woman who is unable to face the aftermath.

The author makes no attempt to analyze either the actions or the emotional make-up of his principal characters. They are, and they remain, figures from a front page in all their sordidness and depravity. Miss Chatterton gained little in prestige, but remains one of the most important figures in the contemporary theatre. Edmond O'Brien, a brilliant young actor from the Maurice Evans company, gave excellent support as the murderous chauffeur.

The next time Mr. Van Druten develops a fondness for abnormal headline personalities, he will be doing the theatre and his own reputation a great favor if he resists the impulse to dramatize their unfortunate stories.

* * * *

After a seemingly endless procession of theatrical murders and bombardments and socially significant orations, it was doubly refreshing to see the very fine production of *VERONICA'S VEIL* presented in the Union City auditorium.

Comparing the handicaps faced by the group with the high-priced technicians and the expense of a Broadway production, the result calls for an additional supply of superlatives. The remarkable technical achievements and lighting effects, the sincerity and evident ability of the large cast and the general excellence of the direction all leave a deep impression on the audience.

The success of this group should provide added impetus for other dramatic societies and clubs. A further opportunity to study their methods will come with their presentation of two former Broadway successes, *Within These Walls* (April 28th) and *Mrs. O'Brien Entertains* (May 26th).

* * * *

THE WESTERNER—United Artists—Gary Cooper is once again the taciturn, hard-riding, fast-shooting stranger from nowhere who brings law and order to a portion of the Old West. The story is familiar with the exception of one startling new twist. Gary does not succeed in saving the heroine's ranch from the torches of the marauding cattlemen. He arrives too late to save it, but he does promise faithfully to build another one for her. And there are those who will say that Hollywood is not open to new formulas. Withal it is thrilling at times and a thoroughly acceptable piece of make-believe.

IRENE—RKO—The musical comedy success of the early twenties has been modernized to provide a vehicle for Anna Neagle, last seen in *Nurse Edith Cavell*. The story of the model who becomes famous through a case of mistaken relationship is light enough to serve its purpose, but not so flimsy that it is lost in the general shuffle. The song hit of yesteryear, "Alice Blue Gown" is sung for the oldsters and swung for the youngsters, which should pacify both sides of the fence. Miss Neagle is a convincing heroine and with the co-operation of Ray Milland, May Robson, Billie Burke, and

Roland Young makes the film more satisfying than the average musical.

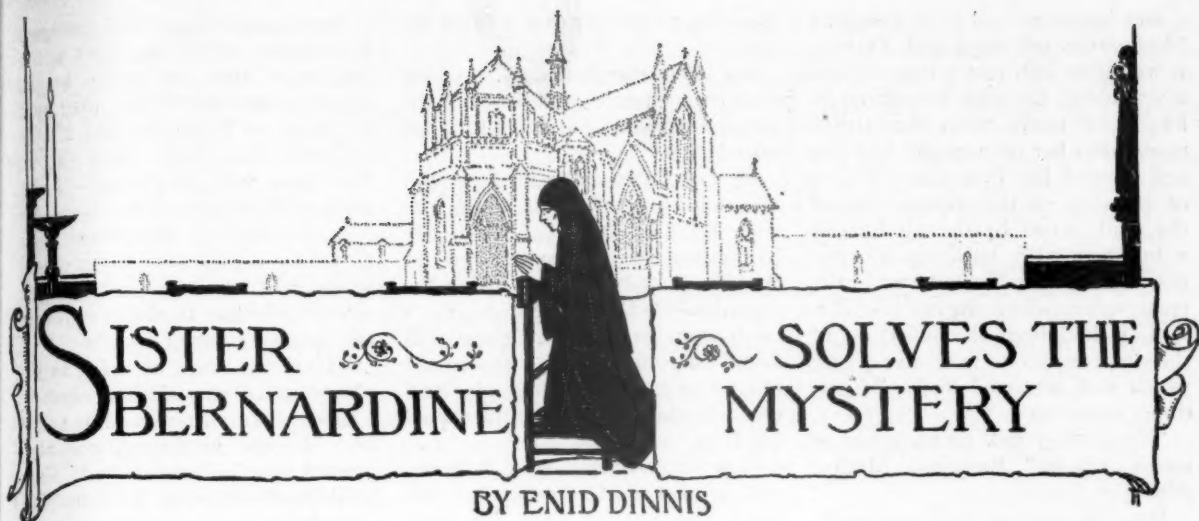
THE PRIMROSE PATH—RKO—Last season's most sordid stage play has undergone considerable renovation in the studio scenario rooms. Characters have disappeared, characteristics have changed, and the dialogue has been blue-pencilled to meet screen requirements. In spite of it all, however, the implications and the tawdry quality of the novel remain in the ever-present background. It was not a happy choice of material for either Ginger Rogers or Joel McCrea, who do not need roles of this sort to gain or maintain popularity. The false morality coated on in the studio seems to emphasize the disreputable qualities of the residents of Primrose Hill. Hollywood is beginning to sidle up to the TNT supply again.

YOUNG TOM EDISON—MGM—This picturization of the boyhood of inventor Thomas Edison is the forerunner of what may be a new method of screening biographical material. It concludes with sixteen-year-old Edison leaving home to become a telegraph operator. Up to that point it is an amusing and appealing tale of a boy with an inventive nature who is destined for a niche in the Hall of Fame. As portrayed by Mickey Rooney, he is a typical American boy of the period, likeable and without any resemblance to either Andy Hardy or the aforementioned Mr. Rooney. That in itself is something of a screen triumph.

VIRGINIA CITY—Warner Bros.—A broad and colorful canvas of the West in the days of the war made famous by Margaret Mitchell. Miriam Hopkins is a Southern spy who is foiled in her attempts to have a gold supply transferred from Nevada to the South, by Northerner Errol Flynn. The panoramic sweep of the screen encompasses the angles of war and intrigue and fast action in spectacular fashion. The stars are experts in the art of making adventures of this type come to life and they are assisted in the dramatic by-play by Randolph Scott and Humphrey Bogart.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE—MGM—The ever-reliable Spencer Tracy portrays the Major Rogers of Kenneth Roberts' popular novel of Revolutionary days. The story of the gallant band of men who blazed their way through the forests of the northern states is more than just another adventure film. Tracy takes advantage of all the opportunities his role offers and turns in an impressive performance. The scenario clings as closely as possible to the outlines of the book, which will be welcome news to those who found it engrossing.

STRANGE CARGO—MGM—A mixture of dangerous adventure and spiritual regeneration that never quite manages to be convincing. A group of prisoners escape from a tropical penal island and after a harrowing flight across jungle and swampland reach the sailboat which is their means of passage to the mainland. There is considerable ridicule of religious teaching and Bible passages which is not made any less objectionable by the feeble attempts at spiritual regeneration at the conclusion. Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are the stars, but Ian Hunter overshadows their work with a quiet, restrained interpretation of the mysterious stranger who is responsible for the redemptions.



SISTER BERNARDINE

SOLVES THE MYSTERY

BY ENID DINNIS

IF IT were asked who was the best-loved of the Sisters at St. Imelda's the reply would certainly have been Sister Mary Bernardine. Yet, although the Community elected its own Superior, Sister Mary Bernardine had never filled that office. It might have been that the Community realized that since a Superior is not allowed to go out begging for the upkeep of the orphanage, had Sister Mary Bernardine been raised to that dignified office St. Imelda's would have lost its most efficient beggar.

Sister Mary Bernardine had a way with her that could not be resisted. Her door-to-door begging extracted help for the orphanage from the most unlikely people. Even the non-conformists who had set up their sanctuary over the way had been known to drop money into Sister Bernardine's bag. She certainly could not be spared from the questing business. Year in, year out, she made her excursions into the big town on whose borders the convent stood, or its suburbs, and invariably brought back a heavy bag of money to help out the formidable expenses involved in feeding and clothing the waifs and strays placed under care of the Sisters.

So Reverend Mothers came and Reverend Mothers went, and Sister Bernardine remained simple "Sister Bernardine."

For many years there had been some vague talk of providing St. Imelda's with a suitable chapel. The existing chapel was a place with no ecclesiastical pretensions. It was simply a large room, like the school

room. It was generally felt that St. Imelda's was worthy of something better. But the question ever arose—where was the money to come from? Just as a definite project seemed to be taking shape the school roof would let in the rain—almost, so Sister Bernardine opined, as though the devil had made the hole himself. Or the drains would go wrong and money had to be spent getting them right, and none remained for the new chapel.

Reverend Mother was a holy soul. "*Dominus est*," she said. "After all, our present chapel is airy and watertight. We must be content to wait." But Sister Bernardine was also a holy soul, in her own way, and to her the absence of a chapel worthy, not of St. Imelda's but of the Divine Occupant who took up His abode there, was an abiding grief. Why, when even the poor Protestants had a beautiful chapel, just opposite the convent gates, should Our Blessed Lord have to be put off with an ordinary room in a school building? The Protestants did not even invite the Lord to come and live in their chapel. It was real Gothic (Sister Bernardine loved Gothic churches), and there were niches on the outside walls with no saints in them.

When a new Superior was appointed Sister Bernardine made bold to approach her on the subject. The orphanage was being enlarged, and there were builders about the place. "How about the new chapel?" she asked. The Reverend Mother—she was young and modern—had sized up Sister Bernardine.

"You should realize," she said gently, "that we have no money for a new chapel because we are building a temple for God made of living souls. The new building will enable us to take in twenty more children at least. Surely that will be more acceptable to the Lord than bricks and mortar."

Sister Bernardine could not gainsay the argument. The new Reverend Mother was very spiritual. But she wished, all the same, that there might be two temples raised to the glory of God, and one of them made with hands.

One day as Sister Bernardine was returning with her companion from a day's questing a really wonderful thing happened. The Sisters were riding home in the bus after a long and weary tramp. The place where the bus set them down was just beyond their gate, and as Sister Bernardine looked through the bus window at the convent standing among the trees, she distinctly saw a gray, Gothic building on the right side of the house. It was just the new chapel which she had so often pictured. She wondered if the Sister next to her would hear her heart beating, but Sister Paula was busy collecting herself to get out.

The bus drew up and the pair alighted. Sister Bernardine was silent about the vision that she had seen. She had been forbidden to speak of such happenings to the younger Sisters; but she made her way to Reverend Mother's cell and, on her knees, recounted the strange thing that had happened.

But for a second time Reverend Mother was not impressed. Perhaps it would be rash to say that she was not amused. She took the matter in hand and made Sister Bernardine accompany her on a second bus ride and showed her how the reflection of buildings on the opposite side of the road caused by the windows of a bus give such buildings the appearance of actually standing in the open space, which served the illusion. It had been the reflection of the chapel opposite the convent gate which had attracted Sister Bernardine's attention.

"Now, never talk to me again of seeing visions," Reverend Mother admonished her.

Sister Bernardine, sadly convinced, meekly promised obedience.

IT WAS some time before she summoned up enough courage to approach Reverend Mother on the subject so near her heart. It was nothing more than a humble request to be allowed to collect for the new chapel as well as for the ordinary needs of the orphanage when she went on her questing expeditions.

Her Superior granted the request somewhat grudgingly. She was at that moment being heckled by the public authorities on the matter of providing an outside fire-proof staircase for the safety of her charges. Superiors at St. Imelda's had hitherto placed the house under the protection of a trustworthy saint and left it at that, but this Reverend Mother was willing enough to admit the reasonableness of the demand.

"I have no objection to your collecting for the new chapel," she told Sister Bernardine, "but you must get contributions for our vital needs first. You must tell our friends that we have been ordered to put up a fire escape and that it will be a crushing expense."

Sister Bernardine's face was a study. "A fire escape," she repeated. "As though the Sacred Heart couldn't keep us safe from fire!"

Then she added: "If only we could give Him His new chapel."

"Well, Sister," Reverend Mother said, "perhaps if we go on patiently feeding and teaching our children, some day the Lord will give us a new chapel. It seems to me," she added, rather grimly, "that the gift is very often that way round. Nuns delight to build themselves a beautiful

chapel and then say that it is for the Lord."

She felt rather horrid to be saying it to poor Sister Bernardine, but the new demand had put her a little bit on edge.

Sister Bernardine stood there with the old leather bag in which she kept her takings in her hand. She had also a second, smaller one, in which she had meant to place the contributions for the new chapel. "I don't want to be robbing the children," she murmured. "He would not be wishing that. But, oh, Reverend Mother, I did mean the chapel for Him."

"I'm sure you did, Sister," Reverend Mother said, kindly; but her words had sunk in. A few days later Sister Bernardine arrived on the scene again, just as her Superior was wrestling with a letter to the local authorities on the subject of taxes.

"Mother," Sister Bernardine said, "I've been thinking about what you said about the gift we want to offer Him; and I've asked Him to let me die before I see the new chapel, just so long as I know that it has been built and got ready for Him. St. Edward the Confessor died directly after his great abbey was consecrated, and he wasn't even able to be at the consecration. No doubt he told the Lord the same."

Reverend Mother laid her pen down. She sometimes kept it in her hand as a precautionary measure. There was both a twinkle and a tear in her eye as she answered.

"Then, Sister dear, I hope our new chapel will be a long time coming, for I can't afford to lose you. Who will collect for my hungry little ones if I haven't you to draw blood from a stone?"

But Sister Bernardine was genuinely shocked. To think that Reverend Mother could have said such a thing!

About a week later Sister Bernardine and a companion went forth on one of their periodical begging tours. It was a very wearied and foot-sore Sister Bernardine who presented herself to her Superior with the day's takings in the leather bag.

It was not so bad a haul. People were generous where little children were concerned.

"And how about the new chapel?" Reverend Mother asked, as she, like the queen in the parlor, counted out her money.

Sister Bernardine shook her head, with rather a sad smile. "I didn't like to ask them for money for the chapel," she said. "They were most of them not Catholics, and it's the orphans that they think about. But"—her face brightened—"I did get something toward the chapel. My first contribution, and it was given to me by a little boy. A tiny little fellow, like ours in the mixed juniors. He was in the playground, but he wasn't one of ours."

"Then what was he doing in the playground?" the Mother asked.

Sister Bernardine was able to tell her. "I came in through the playground gate," she said, "and Sister Paula went round by the front. The little fellow came running up to me and offered me a coin, and said, 'that's for the new chapel.' I let him drop it into my little empty bag. You see," Sister Bernardine ended, "I took it as one of Our Lord's little ways of reassuring me that I was not robbing the children, letting this little one come along. He must have been told that I wanted money for the new chapel."

Reverend Mother picked up the little bag, the one which was not bulging with money. She turned it up and shook out a coin.

"It's a foreign coin," she said. "I suppose the child picked it up somewhere. What became of him? Are you sure it wasn't one of our children?"

"They were having their tea," Sister Bernardine puckered her brows. "He ran away somewhere. Out of the gate, I suppose. But, no"—she checked herself. "I had locked the gate after me."

"Then you must have locked him in," the other said, crisply. Sister Bernardine's vagueness was beyond all limit! "The sooner we see to this the better. The poor child will be frightened out of his wits."

BUT a search of the playground revealed no sign of the donor of the contribution to the new chapel.

"You must have gone back and locked the gate after he had run out of it," Reverend Mother said. "That is, if it wasn't one of our children."

Sister Bernardine was certain that it was not one of their children. She accepted the indictment as to her accuracy in regard to the gate in silence.

They found Father Bellinger, the

chaplain, waiting to speak to Reverend Mother in the parlor. The latter showed him the coin which had been placed in Sister Bernardine's collecting bag.

The priest turned it over in his hand.

"It looks like a Roman coin," he said. "It's in a wonderful state of preservation. I wonder where the child picked it up? It might be worth something," he added. "I have a friend who collects coins. He might give you something for it. He's got the finest collection outside a museum, they say, and plenty of money of the modern currency."

So Father Bellinger carried the coin off with him. Sister Bernardine looked as though she would have liked to have kept it—not for luck, which would be pagan, but for certain reasons that could not be charged with being pagan.

Next day Father Bellinger called, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Hilary Faraday, the friend mentioned on the previous occasion as being a collector of antique coins.

Mr. Hilary Faraday was obviously in a state of excitement. He had identified the coin as being a Roman one and his great preoccupation was to find out where it had been picked up. It might well form a clue to the existence of Roman remains in the neighborhood.

Sister Bernardine was fetched and asked to relate her encounter with the small boy who had made her a present of the coin.

"You will find her somewhat vague in her statements," the Superior warned her visitor. "Sister Bernardine is highly imaginative and rather up in the clouds." Father Bellinger's friend was not a Catholic

and she did not wish him to think that Sister Bernardine was the normal type of nun. She smiled, dissociating herself from the imaginative flights.

"It is most vital that we should discover the whereabouts of this small boy," the visitor said when he addressed himself to Sister Bernardine. "I must find out where he picked up the coin. It's a Roman coin, like the one that the Pharisees handed to Christ. It might have been handled by Our Lord Himself."

Sister Bernardine regarded the speaker with shining eyes. "He might have picked it up in Nazareth," she said, "when He was a little child."

"Quite so. It's a coin of about that period," Hilary Faraday agreed. "But now about the child who gave you the coin. Can you describe him to me? I want to track him down if I can."

Sister Bernardine seemed at a loss. "He had a beautiful smile," she said. "I don't remember if he had fair or dark hair."

"Can you tell us how he was dressed?" Reverend Mother suggested. "Our little boys wear green pull-overs," she explained to Hilary. Sister Bernardine made an effort.

"It may have been blue, or white," she said. "Or some color that I can't give a name to."

Father Bellinger pursed up his lips. "A new color," he said. "That's interesting."

"Our children wear white jerseys on Sundays," Reverend Mother pointed out.

Hilary Faraday had another try with Sister Bernardine. "Can you suggest who the child could have been?" he asked her.

The neighborhood could, no doubt, produce a number of small boys.

Sister Bernardine cast one swift glance at her Superior. The question could not be evaded, and the gentleman was not one of the younger religious.

She replied:

"It was the Christ-Child Himself."

Father Bellinger broke the ensuing silence. "Come, now, Sister," he said, "we are on the track of solid facts. You have got the new chapel very much on your mind, have you not?"

"I've prayed for it for ten years,"



"I did get something. My first contribution, and it was given to me by a little boy."

Sister Bernardine replied. "And Reverend Mother gave me leave to collect money toward it when I went on my round, but she thought I might be taking the bread out of the children's mouths, and that made me unhappy. But," she went on, the light coming back into her eyes, "Our Lord has come along Himself in the form of a little child to show me that they don't mind—that they won't suffer."

Once again there was a silence. This time it was broken by the visitor. "And the coin was a kind of token-gift," he said. His matter-of-fact tone relieved the embarrassing situation. Hilary Faraday was a gentleman to his finger tips.

He produced the coin from his pocket. "It's an ordinary Roman coin," he said, "but this one happens to possess features which give it a particular value. It is, in fact, a unique specimen. I have nothing else to come up to it in my collection."

Father Bellinger chipped in.

"Perhaps you might care to make Reverend Mother an offer for it?" he suggested.

Hilary Faraday was looking at the coin. It lay in the palm of his hand. He appeared to be making a calculation.

"Suppose," he said, "we make it the price of a new chapel?" Reverend Mother gave a gasp. She threw out her hands.

"That must be far too much," she cried.

"Not at all. The coin, as I told you, has unique features. I am offering you a fair price, Reverend Mother. Honor bright," he added, smiling.

SO THE bargain was struck, there and then. Sister Bernardine slipped off to the doomed chapel to make her thanksgiving. Reverend Mother addressed herself to Hilary Faraday. "I do hope," she said, "that you will be able to find the little boy. I have it rather on my conscience that he gave away anything so valuable."

"If I succeed in finding him I'll let you know," Hilary Faraday told her.

But a strictly conscientious investigation on the part of Reverend Mother failed to produce any result. "It must have been one of our own children," she opined. "Sister Ber-

nardine got muddled—she would. We may as well leave it at that."

It was true that not one of the small boys in the Junior mixed had owned up to giving Sister Bernardine a funny penny; but then, you can't account for the reticences of a certain type of child's mind.

As for the purchaser of the funny penny, he seemed to have relinquished the idea of discovering Roman remains in the neighborhood. He sent along a handsome check, and the building of the new chapel was duly set on foot. It was to be Gothic—a separate building standing in the grounds, in design not unlike the nonconformist chapel over the way, only the niches in this case would contain saints.

Sister Bernardine put in a timid suggestion that one of the saints might be St. Edward the Confessor. "He built Westminster Abbey," she explained, "and gave it to the Lord."

The chapel was completed in due course. There was to be a grand opening ceremony—a great occasion to which the Community was looking forward with eagerness. Then a sad thing happened. Sister Bernardine was taken suddenly ill. "Keep her in bed for a few days," the doctor said. But the few days would contain the great day of the blessing of the chapel. Reverend Mother broke the news to Sister Bernardine as gently as she could. The latter took it beautifully. "It's going to be my gift to Him, not His gift to me," she said.

Father Bellinger bore an invitation for the blessing of the new chapel to Hilary Faraday. It seemed the obvious thing in the circumstances, although the latter was not a member of the Catholic Church. After all, he had paid for the building of the chapel.

"By the way," he remarked, as he and his friend sat near the fire chatting, "you never explained to me the particular features of that old coin that made it so valuable. It looked to me like the ordinary Roman coins that one sees. But, of course, I speak as an ignoramus."

Hilary Faraday leaned over the fire. He relieved himself of the end of his cigarette.

"Shall I tell you?" he asked, addressing the question to the glowing coals.

"I'd be interested," Father Bellinger replied.

"Well, we have never solved the mystery of how that coin got into the Sister's bag. None of us except she herself. She had a solution, and, all things considered, I'm inclined to think that she was right." Father Bellinger sat up with a jerk.

"You are still interested," the other said, with a touch of irony in his tone. "It always has perplexed me why you people who have a historical charter for making free of the other world, if I may so put it, should have repudiated your privilege. Sister Bernardine has brought the lives of the saints up to date—made them actual, that is. She has set me thinking; and incidentally, I consider that I spoke the truth to that very hard-headed Mother Superior when I told her that the coin possessed a unique value."

FATHER BELLINGER carried the story to the Reverend Mother whose head was aching with the study of colossal annual accounts. The little ones had been fed and they had got a new chapel. *Deo gratias!*

"I must tell Sister Bernardine," Reverend Mother said, "and she will pray for Mr. Faraday." She became silent, thinking of a Little Boy whose garment was of a color that could not be named. Presumably there would be new colors in Heaven.

So Reverend Mother went up to Sister Bernardine, who was "not so well," and told her about Mr. Faraday's need for prayers. And then she spoke of the new chapel and the Bishop's wonderful sermon at the opening, and the saints in the niches, and the lovely Tabernacle.

"My gift to Him," Sister Bernardine murmured. And after that she fell asleep.

There was a bigger crowd at the Requiem of Sister Bernardine, the best-beloved of the Community, than there had been at the opening of the chapel a few days before. It was dreadfully sad, people said, that the Sister who had prayed for so long for the new chapel should have died just when it was completed; especially as she had collected all the money for it. Some said that it had all been given by one anonymous donor who was not even a Catholic; but that would be quite possible for Sister Bernardine had a way with her that simply could not be resisted.



WOMAN to WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

Appointment of Bertrand Russell

VERY often the ways of Bishop Manning of the Protestant Episcopal Church and myself are so far apart that we could not see to wave at each other even if either of us wanted to. But I am right in step with him this time in his outspoken objection to the appointment of Bertrand Russell as professor of mathematics of City College in New York. I was sorry to read no letters in the papers from Catholics but after a few days was happy to read that the Knights of Columbus and the Centre Club and others were right in step too. There are a lot of us after all who feel that this appointment is an unmitigated insult to our standard of life in this country, and an insult and danger as well to our children.

For all I know Mr. Russell may be the greatest mathematician of his day. I don't care at all. Besides, we must have plenty of good mathematicians in this country—good enough to preclude our having to go to England to find one. And what is to keep a man from putting his ideas on morals and life into a classroom discussion anyway?

Now if Mr. Russell is a good teacher and an engaging one, which I rather imagine he is, how easy it will be to infect the bloodstream of our boys and girls with his particularly poisonous virus. For his ideas are extremely bad. Bishop Manning's denunciation of him may have sounded strong, but it was only words taken from the man's own books. He laughs at our code of morality, built up on the Jewish and Christian bases. And, to put it very simply, he is a definite proponent of adultery. The rabbi who, in a letter to the Mayor of New York, called him a "foreign atheist whose praise of adultery still rings in the blushing ears of his countrymen," may also have spoken strongly, but not at all untruthfully.

Reading of Boards of Education

ANOTHER very interesting light is here thrown on boards of education and what they know. I always thought they were supposed to be educated, at least to the extent of reading the papers, but now I am beginning to wonder. Surely they must have seen—not on the sports pages, nor in the comic strips, but right on the front page, for such material makes news—some of Earl Russell's opinions on morals. And there are his books too. Surely before a board selects a teacher, it looks up his record.

Mr. Flynn, one of the Board members, gave the most remarkable statement of all. Mr. Russell's morals, he said flatly, compare favorably with Bishop Manning's

private life. A reader in the *Herald Tribune* says that this statement, even when we speak not too definitely of what we mean when we use the word morals, together with what is known of the Earl's private life, makes it difficult to believe that this language is not intentionally insulting, as it is plainly objectionable, and that evidently Mr. Flynn really prefers the morals of the Earl to those of Christendom which the Bishop upholds.

The idea of a man with such views teaching our children anything—especially higher mathematics combined with lower morals—is dreadful, of course. But about as bad is the amazing ignorance of the Board of Higher Education of the City of New York. Its members could stand a little "higher education" themselves.

Youth and Work

TO THOSE of us who have felt badly about the unkindness of people who have work and money sneering at the sometimes poor efforts of half-sick, half-hungry W.P.A. workers, it comes as a refreshing thing to read what Monsignor Keegan of the Associated Charities of New York has to say about the work situation and especially its bearing on youth. He spoke important words when he said this: "Take the criticism leveled at the Washington Youth Congress—that its members are—well, pinkish. Now I'll tell you what I know about those young people who went to Washington. Take people 16 to 24 years old with no jobs, no work experience. Leave them that way—disaster. You've got to look beneath the surface. What are they interested in, no matter how they state it? Jobs—that's what. You can dress up a discussion of what must be done in all sorts of sociological diction. But if I had the jobs to give I'd solve all the social problems of this country today. If I only knew how I'd put them all to work. That's all they want."

Recently in one of our Catholic colleges a youth congress met. During a discussion on freedom of speech and on what grounds it could be denied to Communists, one boy got up to say that he thought Communism had a faith too, a purpose. He was told abruptly to sit down—that such crackpot statements would not be listened to. That boy was head of his school paper, a senior, an honor student, and winner of many prizes. He was thinking through to something, whether right or wrong was not the important thing just then, not so important as that he should have been allowed to state his views and then set right if he were wrong. Agree with a man as far as you can, and then begin arguing—some of the Church's greatest doctors have advised that. And that is what we must do if we want to keep our boys and girls from danger and destruction.

Father and Son

By DAMIAN REID, C.P.

CHRIST hung upon His cross for three hours before He died. Just as He was dying He made a vague and rather mysterious statement. At least, the statement was vague and mysterious to those who had not the advantage of previous acquaintance with Him. He said simply: "It is finished." But He did not specify what He was talking about.

Consequently, we might reasonably inquire—what, precisely, was finished? And we might answer that question variously. We might say, for instance, that the statement referred to His life, because immediately after that He died. Or we might say He meant that the quota of His sufferings was filled up, because He then bowed His head and they ended. Or we might look to the invisible achievement which coincided with these visible finalities, and say He meant that redemption was accomplished.

But this would be human guessing—and not at all definitive. The only adequate answer could come from Christ, Himself. Scripturists have noted that there is such an answer delivered by Christ, Himself. A comprehensive amplification of this statement is found in another statement which Our Lord made under just as significant circumstances. These words, "It is finished," are His last recorded words to man spoken during His mortal life. The key to them is in the first recorded words which He spoke to man during His mortal life. Those first words were: "Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

That is what He was referring to as the dark came down on Calvary, and the wind and thunder roared, and His soul struggled to shake off the burden of His dying body. His Father's business—the work that had been given Him to do. It was finished. All He had left to do was die. His death on the cross would put a period to the epic of that divine negotiation.

There is more mystery, however, in the matter of the Father's business than this disjunctive interpretation of Christ's last words by His first words. There is mystery, for instance, in the fact that He, the Son of God, spoke of the affair as His Father's business.

We might reasonably have expected Him to refer to it as His own. For, after all, it was He who lived and worked and died—a human being in human surroundings. And it was He whose personal effort brought about human regeneration. Bethlehem savors of His name and of a biology that is exclusively His. The workshop at Nazareth echoed to the tune of craft-sounds that were created by the skilled effort of His hands. The voice that was heard in the hills and by the sea was the voice of the Son of God, whose dutifulness merited a manifestation of paternal blessing: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." It was He whose back was lashed, whose head was crowned, whose body was nailed to a cross, and who died a human death.

Nevertheless, all through His life the emphasis was on His Father and His Father's will. He spoke as His Father directed Him to speak: "As the Father hath taught me, these things I speak." He acted as His Father prescribed: "As the Father hath given me commandment, so do I." Of Himself, He did nothing. All this despite the fact that He claimed that He and the Father were one, and that those who saw Him saw the Father also.

The clue to the meaning of these announcements is the fact that Christ was an agent. He had been commissioned by the Godhead to carry out in His own Person the ministry of human redemption. And while this commission arose out of His own will as much as out of the will of the other persons of the Trin-

ity, it was He, personally, who had been charged with the execution of it. In this sense, He was a servant of the Godhead. His relationship to His Father was something like that of employee to employer. He was under contract to work, and He was a party to both sides of the contract. As God He had bound a person to the service of regeneration. But He was the person who had agreed to be bound to that service.

We can imagine a similar situation in strictly human affairs. For instance, the board of directors of a corporation might appoint one of its members to be responsible for some department within the organization—for publicity or buying or distribution. We can imagine this man fulfilling his assignment competently and seriously. But what we cannot so easily imagine is the possibility of him becoming so identified with his assignment as to be mainly talking in terms of his position as an appointee and not in terms of his position as a member of the board.

This, however, was the case with Christ. He seldom coupled His name with that of His Father in such a manner as to convey the idea that He and His Father fulfilled equivalent functions in the business of redemption. Rather, He spoke of His Father as the Person who was to be the recipient and recorder of human solvency, while He, Himself, was to finance that solvency by His Messianic career on earth. He was to be aligned with the other party to the transaction—the debtor. There was something servile about the character He gave Himself: "I am come to minister. I must work the works of Him that sent me." Even though He was God, it appears that duty was laid as definitely on Him as it is laid on us.

Another mystery comes out of this fact that Christ was associated with both the divinity which devised redemption and the humanity which

When Christ Died on Calvary He Had Finished His Father's Business—the Work Which the Father Had Given Him To Do



Drawing on wood made especially for THE SIGN by Mario Barberis, Rome, Italy

"They crucified Him. And the inscription of His cause was written over: The King of the Jews"

was the visible instrument of redemption. We cannot sympathize with the sufferings He underwent in His Father's business on precisely the same grounds on which we would grieve over a typical case of human sorrow. The average instance of human suffering arises out of circumstances which cannot be personally controlled. Ill health or poverty or mutilation are usually affairs about which nothing can be done. They are afflictions. And the feeling that they stimulate in us is not only a kindred sorrow with the person afflicted, but with a peeve toward the forces which combined to afflict him. But this modification of sentiment can have no place in our attitude toward Christ. Being God, He had a hand in shaping those adverse forces. He was not the powerless victim of them. He walked into a situation which He, Himself, could arrange.

This consideration writes an entirely unique chapter in the history of human misadventure. And, for this reason, any proper appraisal of the psychology of Christ during His Passion becomes a job too vast for the imagination.

We must remember that the pain which He endured was ultimately inflicted by Himself. No part of the process of painning Him was ever for a moment out of His hands. The whips fell on His back by benefit of a series of physical laws which He had created and which He had to sustain during every unit of the performance. From this point of view, it is much truer to say that He scourged Himself than that anyone else scourged Him. In the same sense, it was He who lifted the crown onto His own head and pounded the thorns into His scalp.

WHILE this consideration must change the character of our sympathy with Our Lord in His Passion, it must not affect the depth of our sympathy. For, even though the might of His divinity supported all those agencies which rose up to do violence to Him, nevertheless the violence was of the most realistic and galling kind. The lash was no more pleasant because it fell to a rhythm that He had ordained and with a weight which He had supplied. The nails were not more kind to His flesh, because they were creatures of His. There was a sting in

being laughed at even though it was through His bounty that laughter finds a place in the world.

Another mystery about the Father's business lay in the process by which this business was to be made effective.

When Christ bowed His head and died, a tremendous franchise of the spirit was granted to mankind. It was an enabling act. It qualified men as candidates for the eternal society of God. It was not, however, coercive. A man could or could not, as he chose, fulfill the conditions for a successful candidacy.

Consequently, a major point of Christ's preaching during the three years of His public life was to persuade men in their own interests to submit to the conditions of the salvation which was being offered to them. From this point of view, His mission was persuasive in the same manner that the function of a salesman is mainly persuasive.

There was a considerable difference, however, in that He had to do His persuading without the use of a human policy. He did not, for instance, carry a valise-full of samples to demonstrate visually the superiority of His product—the code of living which He advocated. He simply made promises, and asked that credence be given to those promises on the basis of His proven ability to make them come true. He displayed no notarized correspondence from pleased customers in eternity, stating that their experience of the rewards of living according to the Christian formula more than came up to expectation.

Neither did Christ's policy of persuasion appeal to the common motives which deface the modern billboard and picture magazine with frozen smiles of contentment and allure. He promised no romantic victories which verge on the promiscuous. On the contrary, He insisted on marital fidelity; and He put celibacy among His counsels of perfection. He offered no economic security. But He did insist that both extremes of the economic scale, plenty or privation, could be instruments of profit if they were related to God. He decreed such a blessing on poverty that was properly suffered: "Blessed are the poor in spirit," and on wealth (the mammon of iniquity) that was properly used: "Make unto you friends of the mam-

mon of iniquity; that when you shall fail, they may receive you into everlasting dwellings."

He pointed out that ultimately the peoples to whom a knowledge of His revelations come are divided into two camps—those who hear His word and keep it, and those who hear His word and do not keep it. The one He refers to as His disciples; the other He calls the world. The specifications for a disciple are that he take up his cross and follow the Christ who really was. This is not to be a consistently comfortable chore; for He promises the disciple that: "In the world you will have distress."

IN THIS description of the destiny of His disciples there was as little appeal as there was in His own mortal destiny. Who would care to live from Bethlehem to Calvary and adopt the literal detail of His history if there were to be no fruition beyond Calvary? What disciple would care to take up his cross and follow Our Lord, if the journey were to terminate abruptly on that same desolate hill? Yet, judged by the motivations offered in strictly human policy whereby investments mature tangibly and comfort the mortal senses, this seems to be the cheerless fate of those who accept Christ's teachings and follow Christ's formula for living.

But Christ has answered this objection with a promise that no less a person than He could possibly make. And He refers to the guarantee and fulfillment of this promise as He referred to every other item of His Messianic career on earth. This also was the Father's business. "Fear not, for it hath pleased your Father to give you a kingdom. Make to yourselves a treasure in heaven which faileth not; where no thief approacheth, nor moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will be your heart also. Let your loins be girt, and lamps burning in your hands. And you, yourselves, like to men who wait for their lord, when he shall return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh they may open to him immediately. Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh, shall find watching. Amen I say to you, that he will gird himself, and make them sit down to meat, and passing will minister to them."

The SIGN-POST

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

List of Catholic Periodicals

I have noticed that you mention other Catholic magazines in your columns. Could you furnish me with a list of Catholic magazines?—MINN.

It is impossible to print in these columns the list of Catholic magazines published in the United States. A list of Catholic newspapers and magazines will be found in *The National Catholic Almanac*, pages 414-420; also in the booklet of The Catholic Press Association, Hope Haven Press, Morrero, La.

Nuptial Blessing and Mass: Masses for Dead: Time of Death: Was Columbus a Jew?

(1) I was told that the nuptial Mass conferred a blessing on the bride only. Is this true? (2) Which is correct: to say married with, at or during a nuptial Mass? (3) Why have a solemn requiem Mass for a departed soul, if the benefit or blessing is no greater than from a high requiem Mass? (4) Is the time of our death appointed by God without any regard to us? (5) Was Christopher Columbus a Jew?—LYNN, MASS.

(1) The nuptial Mass is offered to beseech God's blessing on the marriage, and the nuptial blessing, which is a special prayer offered by the celebrant in the name of the Church, affects both the marriage itself and the bride, the latter more particularly.

(2) It is a matter of choice. Strictly speaking, the marriage is performed before the Mass and the nuptial blessing is bestowed during the Mass.

(3) All Masses are essentially alike in value and efficacy because they are all unbloody renewals of the one bloody sacrifice of the Cross, but accidentally, in so far as they are the work of the Church and the faithful, one is more pleasing to God than another because one offers more external glory to God than another.

(4) God has set a limit to each man's temporal life (Job. 14:5), beyond which no human power can pro-

long it, but man himself can cut short the span of his life, e.g., by suicide.

(5) Various attempts have been made to prove that Christopher Columbus was a Jew, but they are not convincing. *The Jewish Encyclopedia* has a long account about Columbus but never hints that he was a Jew. The question refers to his racial origin, not to his religion, for Columbus was a Catholic.

Rotary International

What is the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the Rotary Clubs? I understand that you answered this question some time ago, but I missed it.—MASS.

In the July 1938 issue, pages 754-755, we answered that the attitude of the Catholic Church toward International Rotary Clubs was made known by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Consistory issued February 4, 1929 (*Acta, Apos. Sedis*, Feb. 6, 1929), which declared that it was not expedient (*"non expedire"*) for bishops and other ecclesiastical superiors to allow priests subject to them to become members or to take part in their meetings. This decree affected only priests and was made in the form of a polite prohibition.

According to Father Cahill, S. J., *Freemasonry and the Anti-Christian Movement*, pp. 150-151, "in some countries, at least, Rotary has exhibited a strong anti-Christian bias." Hence, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo and the Spanish Hierarchy, in a Pastoral Letter of January 23, 1929, forbade Catholics all participation in it. His Eminence Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux, expressed entire agreement with the Spanish Hierarchy in regard to Rotary on June 15, 1929. The Hierarchy of Holland followed the example of the Spanish Bishops and on July 13, 1930, declared that "Rotary is one of the associations which Catholics must avoid." With the exception of the decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Consistory, which was directed to all the bishops and ecclesiastical superiors in regard to priest membership, the other pronouncements were

restricted to particular countries. The bishops of the United States, so far as we know, have made no statement regarding Rotary Clubs.

Mortimer Not Saint's Name

Is Mortimer a saint's name? If so, please tell me something of his life.—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

We have not been able to find Mortimer in any list of saints' names.

Sweetening the Breath

Is it displeasing to God to place peppermint candy in my mouth while in church waiting to confess. The reason is because of an unpleasant breath.—N. N.

The reason given makes it not only permissible but desirable in the circumstances.

Formula of Heroic Act

What is the formula to be used when making the heroic act of charity?—OHIO.

Sometimes formulas of the heroic act of charity in favor of the souls in Purgatory are printed in pamphlets, books, etc., but it is not necessary to make use of them. According to the *Raccolta*, n. 403, no more is required than a hearty act of the will.

Prayers and Stations of the Cross

I read in an Irish Catholic magazine that no special prayers are necessary in order to gain the indulgences of the Stations of the Cross; all that is required is to meditate in one's own way while making the Stations and no prayers are required afterward to gain the indulgence. Why do we in this country add various Our Fathers and Hail Marys?—ELIZABETH, N. J.

The latest authentic edition of indulgences, *Preces et Pia Opera*, n. 164, simply says that the indulgences attached to the Stations of the Cross may be gained by the faithful who, with at least a contrite heart, either singly or in a group make the Stations of the Cross, legitimately erected. Twenty *Patres*, *Aves* and *Glorias* must be recited by those who are impeded from making the Stations in the ordinary way but who hold in their hands a crucifix with the indulgence of the Stations. In the case of the sick who cannot say the twenty *Patres*, *Aves* and *Glorias*, the indulgence can be gained by a brief prayer or ejaculation in honor of the Passion.

The two conditions for gaining the rich indulgences when the Stations are made in the ordinary way are 1) movement from station to station, and 2) reflection or meditation on the Passion of Christ (not necessarily on the scene depicted) according to one's ability. It is recommended, however, to make an act of contrition before beginning the exercise because it is necessary to be of contrite heart in order to gain the indulgences. When the Stations are made by the whole congregation it is sufficient to turn toward each station while the priest goes around the church. While vocal prayers are not strictly required, even for the Pope, they are not for-

bidden either. The ideal practice would be to announce the station and let each one reflect on the meaning of it. When a group makes the Stations it is necessary to have uniformity.

Kneeling at Nicene Creed: "Amen" After Act of Contrition: Circumcision and Purification

(1) Why does the altar boy kneel while the Nicene Creed is recited by the priest at Mass, while the congregation stands? Should the congregation also kneel? (2) Why is not the "Amen" said after the Act of Contrition? (3) In "Rosary Novenas to our Lady" this is the consideration for the fourth mystery of the rosary, the Purification: "Sweet Mother Mary, meditating on the mystery of the Purification, when in obedience to the law of Moses thou didst present thy child in the temple, where the first drops of His precious blood were shed, and where the holy prophet Simeon, taking the child in his arms, offered thanks to God for sparing him to look upon his Savior." Is it correct to state that the precious blood was shed at the Purification? Did the Purification take place in the temple? Does it mean that the Circumcision and the Purification took place in the same temple but at different times?—CALIFORNIA.

(1) The rubric of the missal (*Rubr. Gen.* xvii, 2) says that those who assist at low Mass should kneel for the entire Mass, except at the Gospel, when they stand. If, however, it is the custom for the congregation to stand during the Creed, the altar boy should follow the rubric and kneel. (*The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite Described*, Fortescue-O'Connell, ed. 1934, p. 84; *Ceremonial for the Use of Catholic Churches in the United States*, p. 60, n.4; Wapelhorst, *Compendium Sacrae Liturgiae*, p. 117, n.7, ed. nona.)

(2) "Amen" is said after the Act of the Contrition that is usually made by adult penitents. However, it is not necessary.

(3) It is plain from the Gospel (Luke 2: 21), that our Lord was circumcised on the eighth day after His birth. His mother's purification took place later (Luke 2: 22-24), in accordance with the law of Moses. This occurred forty days after the birth of a boy and eighty days after the birth of a girl (Leviticus, Chap. XII). St. Luke does not say where the circumcision took place, but more probably it was in Bethlehem. The prayer is really ambiguous. It may be understood to mean that both the circumcision and the purification took place at the same time and place; also that both occurred in the same place, but not at the same time. It is certain that they did not take place together, and more probably only the purification took place in the temple.

Refreshments During Lent

Is it a mortal sin to break the Lenten fast by partaking of refreshments, such as small sandwiches or cakes with coffee or tea? Why is there such a general indifference to this regulation by our Catholic clubs and organizations which serve these refreshments at their meetings and bridge parties, thereby giving bad examples to one another and scandal to those outside the Church?—N. N.

The precepts of fast and abstinence bind under pain of mortal sin, as the Lenten Regulations usually make

clear. Those who are bound to fast may eat but one full meal a day but a small amount of food is allowed (*frustulum panis*) in the morning and a collation (*collatio*) in the evening. The taking of four extra ounces outside these times is considered to be a grave violation of the precept of fast. Abstinence forbids flesh meat and the juice of meat. Two or three ounces of meat constitute grave matter. On fast days it is permitted to drink liquids that are not foods, e.g., tea and coffee (with a small amount of sugar and milk) and to eat a morsel of food with them, once or at most twice a day. This is according to an ancient custom. But eating sandwiches and cakes is hardly in accord with the custom. The holding of meetings and bridge parties does not of itself excuse participants from keeping the laws of fast and abstinence.

Simon and Carrying of the Cross

The Stations of the Cross have long puzzled me. The Fifth Station represents Simon of Cyrene helping Jesus to carry His cross, yet all the subsequent Stations show Jesus unaided, although any one of the first three Evangelists gives the impression that the Cyrenian bore the cross alone and for the remainder of the journey to Mt. Calvary. St. John, on the other hand, leaves Simon entirely out of the picture.—CUMBERLAND, IOWA.

We have it on the authority of St. John (19:17) that Jesus bore His own cross, when the procession started to Mt. Calvary: "And bearing His own cross He went forth to that place which is called Calvary." The other three Evangelists say that Simon was forced to take up His cross after Jesus had been led out of the city. St. Matthew (27:32) and St. Mark (15:21) are not clear as to whether Simon bore the entire weight of the cross, or whether he bore part of it with Jesus. St. Luke (23:26), however, says, "they laid hold of one Simon of Cyrene coming from the country, and they laid the cross on him to carry after Jesus." This makes it fairly definite that Simon carried the entire weight of the cross and for the rest of the way. There are good reasons for thinking that this was the case. Jesus was utterly exhausted and the soldiers and the Jews feared that He might die before they could crucify Him.

Very likely the falls of Jesus under the cross took place before Simon was forced to relieve Him, but for the sake of variety they are separated in the Stations. The traditional scenes represented in the Stations imply that Simon shared the weight of the cross with Jesus and only for a short distance. But this is hardly accurate. After all, these are minor details which should not prevent us from meditating on the main thing—the sufferings which Jesus bore for our sins.

Priest Masons: Clergy and Confession: Hell In Bible

(1) A non-Catholic Masonic friend claims that many Catholic priests are Masons; even our own Archbishop, and at least a hundred priests who still perform their priestly duties in their respective parishes are chaplains of the Freemasons. (2) He claims that only priests confess their sins but that bishops, etc., do not, as they are higher in rank. (3) Where in the Bible is hell mentioned? He claims that God is too good to punish people

in a hell of fire and that there is no mention of such punishment in any part of the Bible. He believes in heaven, but those who don't reach it just wither away like an animal.—N. N.

(1) It may help to quote the Canon Law about Catholics joining the Freemasons. Canon 2335 says, "those who join the Masonic sect and any other organization of like nature which schemes against the Church or the legitimate civil power contract excommunication *ipso facto*, which is reserved to the Holy See (for absolution)." This prohibition binds all members of the Church, both clergy and laity. Canon 2336 inflicts on clerics the penalty of suspension and deprivation of office, and orders them to be denounced to the Holy Office. There have been instances of the clergy who joined the Masons in some of the Latin countries, but to say that our priests and even an Archbishop are members, and a hundred pastors act as chaplains is ridiculous, if not calumnious.

(2) Such nonsense! The law of confession binds all in the Church, both clergy and laity.

(3) Hell, meaning the abode of the damned where they are eternally punished by fire, is mentioned several times in the New Testament. Of course, the word "hell" is the English equivalent for the word used by the Evangelists to indicate eternal punishment. It will suffice to quote but one reference. Christ Himself pictured the scene of the General Judgment. Turning to the wicked on His left hand He will say, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25:41). It must never be forgotten that God is infinitely just as well as infinitely merciful. Eternal punishment in hell is reserved for those who despise His gracious mercy. The same God who revealed a heaven of eternal joy for those who do good also revealed a hell of eternal misery for those who do evil. We must believe all that God has revealed and not choose what suits our convenience.

Your Masonic friend is talking through his hat. We suggest that he read a catechism in order to obtain at least an elementary notion of Catholic doctrine.

Mortal Sin and Candidates of Religious Orders

Is it true that there are some Religious Orders in the Church, both male and female, which forbid entrance to a candidate who has ever committed a mortal sin?—PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Not that we know of.

Catholic Homes

Would you kindly give me a list of Catholic Homes supervised by nuns where women are taken care of for life? I understand that an offering of \$1,000 is required and a certain extra amount for funeral expenses for burial where the family would wish.—NEWARK, N. J.

There are rest homes and sanatoria for Catholics, but we do not know of any institution under the direction of religious women of the kind you mention. Perhaps some of our readers will be able to supply information along this line.

U. S. Ambassador At Vatican: Italy's Annexation of Albania

(1) *How is it that the United States has never had diplomatic relations with the Vatican and there is such opposition in this country to them? (2) Why is it that the Pope, who protested strongly against the aggressions of Germany and Russia, did not protest when Italy was guilty of the same thing in the case of Albania?*—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) In the July 1939 issue we replied that formal diplomatic relations existed between the United States and the Holy See for about twenty years (1847-1867), during the pontificate of Pius IX. These relations ceased when Congress refused to appropriate the necessary expenses of the mission, but religious bigotry and party politics also contributed to this refusal. The old bogey of "union of Church and State" worries many good citizens unduly—the result of inherited fears and prejudices. The charge that the appointment of an ambassador or diplomatic representative is contrary to precedent is not in accord with the facts.

(2) While we do not condone the action of Italy, we believe that it is only fair to say that there is no parallel between her annexation of Albania and the aggressions of Germany and Russia. Though nominally independent, Albania was really a protectorate of Italy, as Palestine and Syria are protectorates of England and France. This was arranged by the representatives of Britain, France, Italy, and Japan at Paris on November 9, 1921. Albania had previously requested protection from the League of Nations against Yugoslavia and Greece. It was a backward country with many warlike tribes and having difficulties in self-government. Most of the progress made in the country was the result of Italian initiative and investment. The heads of the three religious communities in Albania, the Catholics, the Orthodox and the Mohammedans, were said to be in favor of annexation. Mgr. Blumci, ex-regent of Albania and Bishop of Alessi, who is alleged to voice the opinion of the Catholics, said that now, for the first time, the country finds itself enabled to start upon the road to progress and civilization.

Maryland and Discrimination Against Jews and Catholics

(1) *I have always understood that Maryland was the first of the Colonies to establish religious tolerance and have always taken it for granted that this tolerance was extended to Jews, as well as to Christians. But I have been told that this is not correct and that the State of Maryland was one of the last in the Union to abolish its laws discriminating against Jews. (2) Is it true that because of its religious tolerance of all Christians, Protestants came into Maryland, outnumbered the Catholics, and later disfranchised them?*—NORFOLK, VA.

(1) Maryland was, indeed, the first Colony to establish religious tolerance. This glory cannot be denied her. It began with the instructions of Cecil Calvert to the colonists when they set out from England in 1633, and it continued to be effective from the beginning of

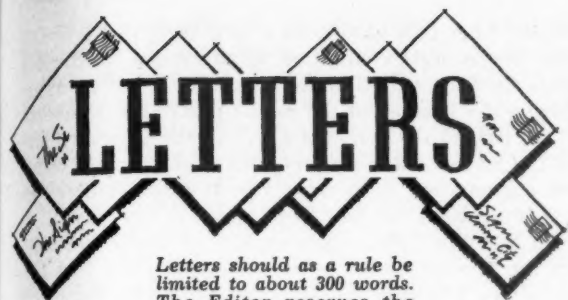
the actual foundation in 1634. The coming of the Puritans from Virginia, where they protested against the establishment of the Anglican Church as the State church, changed the religious situation in Maryland, and the Lord Proprietor of the province deemed it wise to protect himself and the Catholics, and to a lesser extent the Anglicans, against the day when the Puritans might gain control. The limitation of tolerance to Trinitarian Christians by the Act Concerning Religion of 1649, loosely called the Toleration Act, and the provision of the death penalty for non-Christians was a concession to the new and growing Puritan element in the colony. There is nothing to show that the Catholics, when they were in power ever enforced, or ever intended to enforce, the penalty provided in the Act. There are at least a couple of instances of Jews living in peace when Catholics were in control. We do not know whether the intolerant attitude toward Jews was abandoned legally before, but Maryland was the second State to ratify the Bill of Rights, December 19, 1789, the first of which guarantees religious freedom.

(2) A few years after the enactment of the Toleration Act (1654), Catholics were outlawed in their own colony by the Puritan usurpers. The Puritan Commissioners who summoned the Assembly decided that none should have a vote or be a candidate "who do profess the Roman Catholic religion." The Assembly repealed the Toleration Act of 1649 and passed another Act Concerning Religion, one provision of which read: "That none who profess and exercise the Papistic, commonly known as the Roman Catholic religion, can be protected in this province." This condition lasted until 1658, when the province was restored to Lord Baltimore, who convoked the General Assembly to re-enact the Toleration Act. This Act remained on the statute book under the Catholic proprietaries until the Protestant Revolution in 1689.

Twelve Ex Cathedra Definitions

What are the twelve "ex cathedra" definitions from the Chair of Saint Peter?—DETROIT, MICH.

In the March 1938 issue of THE SIGN, we quoted from Dom Cuthbert Butler's two-volume work on *The Vatican Council*, Vol. II, page 227, in answer to a question about the number of infallible papal definitions. This is the quotation: "Dublancy in the *Dictionnaire* gives a list of papal, as distinguished from conciliar utterances, which by common consent are looked upon as certainly infallible *ex cathedra* definitions according to the Vatican decree. There are just twelve such in the whole range of Church history: six are positive statements of Catholic doctrine, beginning with the Tome of St. Leo and ending with the definition of the Immaculate Conception by Pius IX: six are condemnations of erroneous propositions of Luther, Jansenius, Molinos, Fenelon, Quesnel and the Council of Pistoia." (The latter was a pseudo-council). Peré Dublancy does not particularize except in the case of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. There is no official list of *ex cathedra* or infallible decisions of the Supreme Pontiffs to our knowledge. Denzinger-Bannwart in their classic work, *Enchiridion Symbolorum et Definitionum*, do not furnish such a list.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words.

The Editor reserves the

right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

THE IRISH AND BRITAIN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We can understand Vincent Gates' resentment over the attitude of Irish writers toward Imperial Mother England as expressed in his letter last month. Mother England is not yet any too friendly toward Mother Church, or Mother Eire. We Irish—whose priests and relatives were massacred through the "black-and-tan" terror of but two decades back—have much to forgive Mother England. But being quick to forgive, we would forget the wrongs of seven centuries, if even now England would remove her garrisons from the island home that God has given our race. But England apparently does not want our friendship, even in her critical hour.

Of the six counties in northeast Eire that England encourages Craigavon to overlord, two counties are overwhelmingly Irish and demand union with Eire. In all six counties the almost forty per cent Nationalist minority are gerrymandered out of all pretense of proportional representation in government and economic life. Orange mobsters, spurred on by the Craigavon clique who are afraid of peace, constantly provoke the Nationalists to riot. Then, the semi-secret police, the "B. Specials" know which side to arrest. And so Britain has an alibi for maintaining her garrison and her grip. It is all devilishly clever.

And they want to make it appear a religious issue in spite of the fact that the Protestant minorities in the twenty-six counties are vocal in their praise of the religious freedom and democracy of Eire, of which Dr. Hyde, a Protestant, is President. Most of Eire's Nationalist leaders from Henry Grattan to Casement have been non-Catholics: Parnell, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmett, John Mitchell, Davitt, and others, all beloved by the Irish, whose religion has taught them tolerance unknown to the race of Cromwellian mercenaries. We shall not give up the fight until the mortal remains of St. Patrick in Armagh are delivered from the overlordship of the anti-Catholic, anti-Irish, Imperial Fascists. I trust that Brother Gates will understand.

CARLTON, MINN.

MAURICE KERRY O'CONNOR.

WE ARE ANTI-ALLIES!

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Will you please cancel my subscription to THE SIGN, the first number of which recently reached me. I can-

not in good conscience support its anti-English, anti-French editorial policy. I shall appreciate it if no further copies be mailed to me.

BYRN MAWR, PA.

ANGELINE H. LOGRASSO.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Americans are right in wanting to stay out of war, and nobody asked you to send your men "to be slaughtered" as the famous radio priest says so elegantly. Do you think it helps your neutrality to attack France and England? It is surprising also that no blame goes to Germany, and even Hitler has excuses in your eyes. The Stalin-Hitler alliance is the fault of France and England!

But your attacks against the Christianity of France are most uncharitable to say the least. You seem sorry that we got rid of Communism without having a civil war, and you do not want to believe that France has really opened her eyes until you see our scars and wounds! Yes, the Blum government was a terrible experience; we were on the verge of a revolution, unrest was everywhere. But at the eleventh hour, when danger was within and without the country, the real spirit of France rose and the country of Jeanne d'Arc, the Little Flower, and so many other saints, was herself again. Are we to be blamed for the errors of a passing government of France for which we so bitterly suffered? I do not mean to say everything is perfect—we have still a long way to travel, but, thank God, France can again call herself a Catholic country.

NEWPORT, R. I.

M. S.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

You appear desirous of promoting extreme Nationalism—"America for Americans"; "stay out of war"; "beware of British propaganda"; and all the rest of the inane drivelling that arises from an isolationist policy.

It should be unnecessary for me even to mention that we are all members of the Mystical Body of Christ, and if fellow-Catholics in Canada, Britain, France, and Poland elect to struggle against an Anti-Christ, it ill behooves the American clergy to sit back in smug indifference and jeer. There are Catholics fighting in this war, you know; and there are Catholic priests in uniform.

Remember, the British and Canadian press do not harp day and night on American lynchings and mob gangsterism; on the vacillating American foreign policy; on the American hot-bed of vice and gambling; on the filthy literature that emanates from your shores; on your goose-stepping Bund and slinking Reds and liberal pinks; or on the stream of anti-Semitic propaganda that flows from a shrine dedicated to the Little Flower.

MONTREAL, CANADA. J. EDWARD FITZGERALD, B.A.

WE ARE ANTI-GERMAN!

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I regret to say that we do not desire to renew our subscription after its expiration due to your anti-German attitude.

Here is an example of your spirit: In one of your early issues since the outbreak of the war there was an

illustration showing British and French troops marching under the Cross off to war against the German enemy. You did not point out that the German enemy consists of about 30 million Catholics and some 40 million good Christians of other religious professions.

I wonder where you would have placed Bolshevik Russia had the English and French succeeded in making the Russians their beloved Allies.

Regarding the British esteem and their wars for the sake of Christianity, I refer you to history and, last but not least, to the much oppressed and persecuted Irish people.

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

C. D.

CHAPEL OF THE GOOD THIEF

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The publicity you gave us in the letter columns of THE SIGN has brought us many new friends with a better understanding of the religious problems in prisons, and particularly the necessity of the construction of our prison church here within the walls.

We are grateful for the contributions, but hope the public continue to realize that I, as shepherd of 3200 inmates, have a unique parish—a parish with no collections—one without ladies who have the honored reputation of the great auxiliary to church support. We need \$10,000 for completion of the church building this spring.

We beg of your readers further consideration in this noble work. We wish to assure you of our deep appreciation for past favors and at this time to acknowledge an anonymous donation from St. Paul, Minnesota.

That St. Dismas, through his powerful intercession, may steal many Divine favors for you and yours, is my sincere prayer.

(REV.) A. R. HYLAND,
DANNEMORA, NEW YORK. CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN.

FIRST NORTH AMERICAN SAINT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the issue of THE SIGN for March I notice a slight mistake in the article entitled "The Making of An American Saint." The author states: "If the proposed beatification and canonization of Mrs. Seton . . . be carried to a successful conclusion, and the advocates of her cause are confident of it . . . it will make her the first native-born North American to be placed in the Roman Calendar of Saints." I am quite sure that St. Philip of Jesus holds this honor. He was a native of Mexico and was beatified in 1627 by Pope Urban VIII and canonized by Pope Pius IX, June 8, 1862.

DANVERS, MASS. BROTHER LINUS, C.F.X.

THE STATE AND MARRIAGE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"The Sign-Post" in the March 1940 issue answers a question involving an "Objection to Indissolubility" of Christian marriage because the innocent spouse in the given case (adultery and abandonment) is forbidden by the law of the Church to remarry in the lifetime of the guilty spouse.

In the answer it is stated that even the State demands

fidelity in certain hard cases in marriage; that if one of the spouses were committed to an asylum for life not even the State would allow the other to remarry again during the lifetime of the insane party. This doubtless is the rule of the common law, i.e., the basic civil law of the States of this country. But in most of the States the common law as to many aspects of the marriage relation has been abrogated by legislative enactment.

In New York, since 1928, a marriage may be dissolved on the ground of incurable insanity arising after the marriage. The New York statute (Domestic Relations Law) provides that a marriage is void from the time its nullity is declared by a court of competent jurisdiction, if either party thereto has been incurably insane for a period of five years or more.

Also, in New York, a marriage may be dissolved on the ground of absence of one of the parties for five successive years without being known to the other party to be living during that time and after diligent search has been made for the absent party.

In a few of the States, under statutory provision, the marriage relation is severed *ipso facto* by the sentence to life imprisonment of one of the parties.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"LEX."

AMERICAN YOUTH CONGRESS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Under the heading "Current Fact and Comment" in the March issue of THE SIGN you have a discourse relative to the American Youth Congress. I think it is one of the best I have had the pleasure of reading. One of my closest friends is a United States Congressman and he informed me that while this group was in Washington they disgraced themselves. Why they have taken the name "American" is a mystery to every lover of this great country. Undoubtedly the backbone of this organization is Communistic to the very core and you deserve high praise for the splendid article you have published showing them up for what they are.

MALBA, N. Y.

RICHARD STEARNS.

CATHOLICS IN Y. W. C. A.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The little controversy which your contributors have been waging relative to membership in the Y. W. C. A. (February 1940 issue), has interested me greatly. For many years in my own town, I have noticed the preponderance of young Catholic girls holding membership in the Girl Reserves and the Junior Hi-Tri, and have wondered if the Church approved of this. However, I know the young people need the type of program, entertainment, and companionship which the Y gives them, and since our own parish does not give them such a program and makes no serious effort to direct their leisure time activities, I have felt they are more or less justified in this action.

At the same time I have felt that in view of the circumstances it might be well if Catholic women accepted membership on the local Board of Directors, where they would be in a position to aid in supervision of the program and activities, which are offered the members of the Girl Reserves, just as we accept membership on the local Girl Scout Council. I myself have several times been asked if I would be interested in such

membership, but when I asked our Pastor if that were permissible, he reminded me of the attitude of the Church towards the Y. So that was that! Although it seems to a lay woman it would be much better to have our girls take part in such a supervised Y program than it would be to urge them to withdraw, when we have no program to offer them in its place.

Which brings me to the point of this letter. Why are we Catholics so backward in the matter of a leisure time program? We know the necessity of one; our Catholic papers and magazines constantly tell us so. In most parishes we already have the buildings and meeting places needed, e.g., our parish schools. We have people who should be happy and overjoyed to lead and aid in developing such a program—the religious communities. We have capable Catholic women ready to aid in the real work of such a program—the members of our Catholic Study Clubs.

All we lack is the spark of leadership, and we lack that so thoroughly that our boys and girls at the most impressionable age join the Y in ever increasing and overwhelming numbers. If at the same time they absorb non-Catholic attitudes on divorce, birth control, etc., at whose door lies the blame? It is high time that Catholics generally ceased patting themselves on the back and began to take note of the youth activities directed by the non-Catholic organizations. We have much to learn from them and much work to do.

ABERDEEN, S. D.

A MOTHER.

YOUTH AND CATHOLIC LITERATURE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

If the bulwark of our nation is our boys and girls, then the bulwark of the Catholic religion is its youth. Why is youth so slighted by Catholic literature?

It is true that some Catholic magazines print columns for children, but the majority seem to forget boys and girls of high school age.

Perhaps we are supposed to read what our elders read. We too are interested in national and international affairs, but we have other interests on which we may go astray. We are truly misled as far as book reports go, as something "too Catholic" may not be accepted by our atheist teachers, or "trash-can" literature may creep in unnoticed. Our public libraries do not have most of the books you recommend and most of us cannot afford copies of our own.

A portion of your publication written by high school students, for high school students, would, in my opinion, help a great deal. This column could contain reviews of books which most small-town libraries have on their shelves, by Catholic or at least good authors, one or two short editorials—and opinions of high school students on various subjects. I feel sure that such a column would be read and that benefit would be derived from it.

I am a senior in a public high school, and I write for my high school paper and for the local daily bulletin. I would certainly like to have an opportunity to contribute something to a Catholic periodical. I realize that I am inexperienced, and that I am no Belloc, but I would like to further Catholic literature, be a journalist with the Catholic background which I feel is necessary, and be able to touch Catholic subjects in such a manner as to spur Catholics onward.

LATROBE, PA.

ANN MURPHY.

MASONS AND AMERICAN REVOLUTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is neither my custom nor desire to be wrangling over a split hair, but I was out of the country when your December 1938 issue went to the press, and only recently did it come to hand. You take me to task for an error that unwittingly crept into my letter printed in the above issue and I beg leave to clarify my point.

Writing on Freemasonry and the American Revolution, I made the statement that at that period of American History there was not as yet "a Papal condemnation of the Masonic Order," leaving myself open to your retort that Masonry was condemned by the Pope as early as 1738—a retort that was justified by my failure to keep in mind what was pertinent to the matter. I neglected to present the words of Bishop Carroll: "I do not pretend that these decrees [of the two successive Popes, Clement XII and Benedict XIV] are received generally by the Church or have full authority in this diocese." (Letter of Bishop Carroll to Mr. Michael McElhiney, Jan. 7, 1794: *Letter Book, Baltimore Archives*).

The chief purpose of the question, however, is that I was seeking, not to exonerate the Masonic Order, but to nullify the impression given by your writer that American leaders during the Revolution were Masons, including Catholics; hence were worthy of some suspicion. I wrote also to add the name of Kosciuszko, overlooked by your writer, as a non-member of the organization.

Nevertheless, Bishop Carroll's attitude was contemporary and Catholic, for he did not neglect to add, "However that may be, allow me, as your Pastor, to recommend to you and others of the Church to be mindful of the advice of the Apostle, 'work out your salvation with fear and trembling,' and therefore not to trust to yourselves as far as to mix in societies which the first pastors and the most eminent prelates of the Church have deemed to be hurtful to piety and religion."

That there was a particular attitude to American Masonry at the time may be readily ascertained from the fact that the "Nuns of Nantes" in France made a Masonic apron for George Washington!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. LEO WASHILA.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.T., North Adams, Mass.; M.G.S., Bronx, N.Y.; M.M.M., Freehold, N.J.; M.R., Washington, D.C.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Anthony, M.E.M., Brighton, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M.E., St. Petersburg, Fla.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Souls in Purgatory, M.A.W., Newark, N.J.; St. Anthony, M.M.L., Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Joseph, M.S., Norwood, Ohio; Sacred Heart of Jesus, N.C.; Providence, R.I.; St. Anne, M.B.B., Troy, N.Y.; St. Anthony, M.E.F.H., Syracuse, N.Y.; Blessed Virgin, T.A.H., Dorchester, Mass.; St. Anthony, M.B., Bayonne, N.J.; St. Michael, Blessed Virgin Mary, M.P.J.A., Austin, Minn.; St. Gabriel, M.C.D., South Boston, Mass.; Our Lord, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, C.McM., Plymouth, Pa.; M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; J.H.C., Pittsburgh, Pa.

CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH
THE EYES OF OTHERS

The Popes as Mediators

• THE SUGGESTION that *Our Holy Father* be approached by the warring nations is not new. His predecessors settled many serious struggles. A list, stretching back to A. D. 440, is given by "Wisdom." We quote some cases of papal conciliation:

Innocent III (1198-1216), between Richard the Lion-Hearted, King of England, and Philip Augustus of France.

Honorius III (1216-1227), between Louis VIII of France, and Henry III of England.

Innocent IV (1243-1254), between the King of Portugal and his subjects.

John XXII (1316-1334), between Edward II of England, and Robert of Scotland.

Clement VI (1342-1352), between Edward III of England, and Philip VI, King of France.

Gregory XI (1370-1378), between Ferdinand of Portugal, and Henry of Castile.

Innocent VIII (1484-1492), between contending royalties in England.

Alexander VI (1492-1503), between Spain and Portugal.

Urban VIII (1623-1644), between France and Spain.

Gregory XIII (1572-1585), between Czar Ivan IV, and King Bathory of Poland.

Leo XIII (1878-1903), between Germany and Spain; between Haiti and Santo Domingo.

Benedict XV (1914-1922), between Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, on the one part, and England, France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro on the other, for the exchange of disabled prisoners and of interned civilians in the World War of 1914-18.

Thoughts On the War

• SOME thoughts on the war are recorded by Thomas Corbishley under the title "*Crusade or Catastrophe*" in the English publication "*The Month*":

It is, indeed, profoundly true that "we can only do the right as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God." But that cause is, let us remember, the cause of righteousness and justice and honor—not the cause of the superiority of the British Empire. It is blasphemy to think of mobilizing God on behalf of the British Empire, even though we may believe that the triumph of the Empire in this struggle will assist the cause of righteousness more than the triumph of our enemies. In the last analysis there is only one "just war"—the war against sin. Therefore, Father Vann is entirely right in warning us that even a war which is justified in inception becomes wrong as soon as it implies unjust conduct in any degree. But it is mistaken

to think of war as unlike any other department of human activity. Every sort of business in which man is engaged is a compound of good and bad. Our duty is to hold fast to the good, to drive out, so far as may be, the bad. But the parable of the cockle and the wheat reminds us to be ready for disappointment.

Does this necessarily mean that we must be content to accept the inevitability of war? Not at all. We may surely hope that one of the good effects of the very horribleness of mechanized warfare, which mobilizes the whole resources of one nation against the whole activity of another, will be to make men realize that, in their own interests, war should be exterminated. It just does not pay. Yet fear and selfishness, of themselves, are not likely to convert mankind. It is Christianity and Christianity alone that can triumph. May we not, however, think that today man is being provided with an opportunity to turn away from his own folly and wickedness, simply because his eyes are being opened to the appalling consequences of that folly and wickedness? It is when he is plunged into the depths that man has always learned to call to God. And when man learns to put his hope in God he will not be confounded forever.

Easter Outfit

• THE FOLLOWING was sent in by a friend. She wrote it on returning from Mass where she sat behind a girl who described her new Easter suit and hat to a friend. She didn't quite get everything said because the priest preached too loud—inconsiderate of him!

Say, Maysie, ya shoulda seen
My Easter suit—a poifect dream.
Color? Why it's the latest shade.
I led the whole Easter parade.
I shopped for it all during Lent,
And for it every penny spent.
Get a hat? Sure, of course I did.
It's just the cutest little lid,
The kind that makes you want to strut—
What? Did you have to bring that up?
Yeah, I missed my Easter duty,
Gee, my hat's a perfect beauty!

Metals for Coins

• THE "*New York Times*" gives the following interesting information on the metals used for coins:

The United States Department of Commerce has reported that the Chinese Government, forced by the exigencies of war, is utilizing tinplate from old kerosene cans for part of its coinage.

Tin, like practically every other metal and alloy, has been used before as a medium of currency. England

once used it when several early British Kings attempted to capitalize on the rich Cornwall tin mines.

Gold was used in Lydia where the first-known coins were made, although cubes of gold employed by the Chinese may have preceded stamped coinage.

Silver coins were also introduced by Lydia. The metal was the chief Greek currency, and supplemented copper at Rome in 269 B.C.

Platinum was used in Russia about 1830 for the manufacture of 3-ruble pieces.

Copper, in conjunction with iron, was a major factor in early Chinese coinage. It figured largely in early Hebrew coins.

Brass apparently was introduced by the Chinese. It is now being used in the manufacture of 5-cent pieces in China.

Nickel, in almost pure form, is now being used extensively.

Lead has served as money in Burma.

Iron, among the countries of the ancient world, was widely used as currency. Sparta was famous for its iron money.

Zinc, during the World War, flourished as a medium of exchange in the countries surrounding Germany.

Aluminum and Bronze now form one of the most popular alloys for coinage in the world.

Stainless steel has even come into use. Italy now has coins made of ac-monital, a steel alloy.

Steerage Observations

• ROBERT DAVIS writes to *"The New York Herald Tribune"* about a group of men returning to their native lands and their observations about their stay in the United States:

Listen to Fritz: "In America they want you to work quick and good, both together. It can't be done. When I first opened my garage in Butte, Montana, a fellow would leave his car for a week or two. He'd say, 'Overhaul her good; tighten her up, grind the valves, change the rings.' Today they don't say that. They say, 'Shake a foot, Fritz; just dope her so she won't knock. I'll get a drink and be back in twenty minutes. I'm going to turn her in next week.' You can't work both good and quick. I'm here because I've quit trying."

Or to Andreas: "In America they don't treat old people right. The young ones mock you, like you was dirt under their feet. You feel in the way, not belonging anywhere. But in Dubrovnik they know an old man has learned something. They listen when you talk."

Pablo's mouth is lined solid with gold. His son-in-law is a dentist who practiced on the old man Sundays and holidays. Pablo says: "No lika da climate. In Livorno litta bit hot, litta bit cold. In America colda like hell, hotta like hell."

A Serb remarks bitterly: "Fur coats is what is wrong with America. Fur coats for women. It's got so that even the wife of a mechanic must have one. Then she must have what goes with a fur coat, above and below. Once a woman's got a fur coat everything scratches her skin except silk. A fur coat makes her health poor. She can't make the fire in the morning. The old man has to pack his own lunch pail, and bring her coffee in bed before

going to work. Seventy-five per cent of the family trouble in America comes from fur coats."

From the Maltese: "I worked in the refinery at Bayonne for seventeen years. At forty I had to go, because that is the general rule. They said I'll get an old-age pension when I'm sixty-five. But they didn't say how I'm going to eat between forty and sixty-five."

Stefan, of Hungary: "In Kaposvar a young couple marries, buys a house and works to pay for it. In America a young couple gets married. The first thing they do is buy a car. Then a radio, and furniture on the installment plan. All this they put in another man's house."

And Then They Fought!

• SOME slight idea of what is meant by fighting in the Kentucky backwoods may be gained from the following item from the *"Kablegram"*:

An old woman living some distance from Manchester, Ky., was summoned to tell what she knew about a fight at her house several nights before in which three or four people were killed. She mounted the stand with evident reluctance and many misgivings. The court asked her to tell what she knew about the matter, and the following is the result:

"Well, judge, the fust I knowed about it was when Bill Sanders called Tom Smith a liar, an' Tom knocked him down with a piece o' stovewood. One o' Bill's friends then hit Tom with a knife, slicin' a big piece out o' him. Sam Jones, who is a friend o' Tom's, then shot the other fellow, an' two other fellows then shot Sam, an' three or four other fellows got cut right smart by somebody. That nat'rally caused excitement, judge, an' then they commenced a-fightin'."

It Might Be Worse!

• A STRANGE religious custom carried out at Bombay, India, is related in the *"Bengalese"*:

On an appointed day, a delegation of holy men of the Mohammedan faith visit the palace of their religious ruler, the Aga Khan. It is their duty on this occasion to weigh the body of their leader and pay him, as his annual salary, his weight in gold. Scales and several bags of gold are carried into the mansion and an impressive ceremony is made of the weighing and counting of the gold equivalent, pound for pound, to the comfortable poundage of 220—the weight of the prophet's representative.

Tropical Hunt for Medicines

• SOME of the amazing surprises of those who brave the tropics to find new medicines are revealed by A. H. Verrill in his book, *"Thirty Years in the Jungle"*:

One brushes against a swinging tuft of grass and finds its innocent-looking blades shear through clothing and flesh like the keenest razor; one plucks a charming orchid and instantly from hidden recesses a horde of ants swarm forth and bite viciously at the offending hand; thoughtlessly, one strikes with a machete at a

six-inch shaft of silvery-white and the blade slices through it as through paper, and, as the lofty top crashes to earth, crimson blood oozes from the severed trunk; a moment later the way is barred by a slender sapling and one gapes dumfounded when the keen-edged machete glances from it as though it were of steel; a severed vine sprouts a stream of clear cold water; a tree may be tapped and from the wound a traveler may draw excellent milk; one's Indian companion chips some bark from one tree, cuts a papery thin bark from another, rolls a cigarette and enjoys a delightful smoke.

Discretion and Bluff

• MARIGOLD HUNT writes to the effect that "*Discretion is the Better Part of Bluff*" in the "*Catholic Woman's World*":

I ought to know by this time that it is never the least use trying to conceal anything. If I do not know what somebody is talking about the only hope is to tell him so, shocking though the information may be. And if I try to keep quiet out of politeness, heaven help me. I really have almost stopped trying, and it is not life's fault if I haven't quite.

For instance, there was once a man, elderly, affable, and distinguished, who turned up in the publishing house where I work, gave a name with a fine, rich sound, and paused. I looked impressed and hopeful, sure that anyone else would have recognized it instantly. He had written a book, he said. I forget what it was about, except that the title sounded well and vaguely Catholic, and conveyed nothing whatever to me. I went on looking impressed and asked if he had the manuscript with him. He had not; in fact, the book was not yet completed. He had a Ph.D. from Oxford, and had expected to teach, but ah . . . he had run into a series of misfortunes and ah . . . the long and short of it was . . .

I lent him \$5. When he failed to reappear I asked my boss if he had ever heard of him. Of course he had not. Then I said he had a Ph.D. from Oxford. . . . Now why didn't I know that Oxford doesn't give Ph.D's? Anybody else would have, and, anyhow, anybody else would have seen through him straight away.

Then there was the awful time I recognized a priest I didn't really recognize because he looked as if he thought I ought to. I chatted brightly to him, made light-hearted remarks about his low taste in literature (he was buying a novel for a novice or something) and discovered afterward that he was a totally strange visiting bishop!

Have We Overproduction?

• CONTINUING its campaign to bring the nation's attention to the ill-clothed and underfed portion of our people, "*Central-Blatt and Social Justice*" speaks editorially:

Unwilling to concede the reasons for the presence in our civilization of huge stores of farm products, while everywhere there are vast numbers of people chronically undernourished and wretchedly clothed, our Bourbons persist in speaking of over-production. If,

instead of traveling in Pullmans to Hot Springs or Florida, some of the defenders of the present system would use a bus and stop off occasionally in a Southern village, they would discover that even where the cotton grows people lack the garments made out of the product of their very fields.

Bare backs and naked feet are common in the cotton country while the Government keeps millions of bales of the raw material out of the market. Cotton socks are at times a luxury which we have known white sharecroppers to do without in inclement weather. Evidently, it is incorrect to speak of over-production of cotton, or wheat, or pork, or any other commodity of a kind needed to sustain human life and grant human bodies protection against the weather, so long as official investigations into the health of the people demonstrate not thousands but hundreds of thousands of men, women and children to be undernourished and improperly clothed.

The situation referred to can not but constitute one of the grave charges history will bring against the capitalistic system and the tolerance by the modern State of usury for the benefit of capital at the expense of the poor.

Screwball Authorities

• OUR IDOLATRY of big names was discussed recently by Robert Rienow in a talk recorded in "*Vital Speeches of the Day*":

Give a man a single talent, spread his name in lights and headlines, and the great mass of us await with bated breath his slightest observation from the food-value of peanuts to the problem of low-cost housing. Give a man a good pitching arm and a deceptive screwball, more wins than defeats in baseball and lo, we have an authority on the kind of hat to wear and the social evils of divorce. . . .

Talent is bound to be a short blanket. And it is the tendency of the man of talent to imagine the blanket bigger than it is. The great Einstein covers his competent scientific shoulders more than adequately with his blanket of ability. But there may be doubt on how well his scientific knowledge qualifies him for his more and more frequent political views.

I was speaking to the president of a southern state university a few days ago on this very matter; his experiences were most entertaining. He told of inviting a noted physicist to the campus in the belief that he would talk about his science. Instead, the scientist whiled away an hour on religious philosophy. Again, the president tried, this time asking a prominent authoress, thinking that her views on literature would be helpful to the students. She, however, came armed with statistics on social security with which she harangued her listeners.

We have then a double trouble. Our authorities on pitching a vanishing screwball have an unquenchable urge to be political leaders. And we, the citizens, have an insatiable desire to have baseball and other public heroes give us their political and social leadership. But if we cure our own disease the problem is solved, for then the screwball authorities will have no welcome audience.



BOOKS



His Dear Persuasion The Life of Elizabeth Ann Seton

By KATHERINE BURTON

When Elizabeth Ann Bayley Seton let it be known that she intended to become a Catholic, her family and friends raised a storm of opposition to such a dreadful thing. But she persisted and on Ash Wednesday, 1805, she was received into the Church by Father O'Brien, Pastor of St. Peter's in Barclay Street, New York.

She was then a widow with five small children, who also became Catholics. She was ostracized by nearly all her family and friends. Her godmother cut her off from her will because she had sullied the purity of the Seton name by joining "a lot of dirty papists." She was called "a pest of society, a hypocrite, and a bigot."

From the time of her conversion to her death Mrs. Seton gave an example of fidelity to grace that won the admiration of all who knew her. Her life was "one continuous aspiration toward God." Amid the many trials which visited her and which sorely afflicted her tender heart, she ever tried "to keep the straight path to God" and to praise and love Him "in rough cloud and sunshine both." She was convinced that all her trials were permitted by her heavenly Father "of His dear persuasion and appointment."

At the early age of forty-seven she died at Emmitsburg, Md., in the midst of the community of St. Vincent de Paul that she founded and which she loved and fostered so well. When she lay on her deathbed, Father Brute, her counselor and very dear friend, asked, "What do you consider the greatest blessing bestowed on you by God?" She answered without a moment's hesitation, "That of being brought into the Catholic Church!" And she add-

ed, "to die in her arms—what a joy!"

Mrs. Burton in this biographical novel has written a beautiful and appealing book. In interest it compares favorably with any of the modern "best sellers" in secular fiction. No one can read this story without loving Mother Seton and blessing God whose grace made it possible for her to give so remarkable an example of Christian virtue. The reading of it will inspire many prayers that God, for whom she lived and in whose love she died, may deign in His goodness to show His approbation from heaven and move the Church to declare her among the saints.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$3.50

Since Yesterday

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

How is your memory? Do you think you can jot down all the important events of the last decade? Difficult, isn't it? Yet in less than four hundred pages Frederick Allen narrates in a highly interesting manner most of the political and economic events which took place between September 3, 1929 and September 3, 1939. As in *Only Yesterday*, a similar account of the 1920's, the writer enlivens his story by recalling the fads and fashions of the time: the current plays, books, songs, the length of skirts and such episodes as the swing craze and the rise of Charlie McCarthy. As a result, the book is not only informative, but thoroughly entertaining as well. It is really streamlined history.

For the most part the author is impartial. He certainly cannot be accused of looking for heroes and villains. In all fairness, however, the reviewer cannot agree that Father Coughlin's broadcasts were ever anti-Semitic. General Franco deserves much more notice than he receives in this volume. And did Mr. Allen ever hear of Pope Pius XI? Certainly no history book of the last decade

can exclude the name of such a brilliant leader. Despite these shortcomings, this book is well worth reading, since it provides a fine panorama of the nation's march through the wilderness of the depression.

Harper & Bros., New York. \$3.00.

How Green Was My Valley

By RICHARD LLEWELLYN

The peculiar appeal of the novel as a literary form is exemplified in Mr. Llewellyn's *How Green Was My Valley*. The reader is taken on a delightful excursion into the realm of fact and fancy to observe the lives

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and fortunes of the Morgan family in the country of Wales. With deft strokes the author describes the setting of the story in the little Welsh mining town, and he portrays his characters with true artistry.

This is an exceptionally good novel, well-written and classical in type. Although the Welsh dialect used by the characters is annoying at times, the realism of the story is enhanced by this device. A noteworthy feature is the success with which the author has instilled atmosphere into his work. The Valley and its "greenness" is as integral to this novel as Egdon Heath is to Hardy's *Return of the Native*.

This may eventually be considered one of the best novels of the year. At least it is decidedly better than the average offering of publishers.

The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.75.

The Meaning of Marriage

By DR. HUBERT DOMS

Translated by George Sayer

The modern attack on marriage has inspired Catholic theologians to make a deeper study of it, in order to meet this attack and to justify the Christian concept of marriage. One such study is the present volume. The author says, "This little book is intended as a contribution to the discussion and refutation of non-Christian theories of marriage. I have tried to show the inner foundations, built into the very nature of things, of the Church's moral and pastoral theology of marriage. I have tried, too, to light up a little the dark mysteries of the sacrament."

By "meaning" Dr. Doms signifies the nature or essence of marriage and its relation to the ends or purposes of marriage, especially procreation. He emphasizes at great length and with much philosophical reasoning that marriage is a community of husband and wife which is intended for their own perfection, and not merely an institution for the propagation and education of children. His thesis is an instance of the free scientific inquiry which is permitted in the Catholic Church, by means of which a fuller understanding of divine revelation is obtained and doctrine developed. The original was written in German in very technical language, which the translator found quite difficult to render satisfactorily into English, but nev-

ertheless he has done a good job. One sighs with disappointment when viewing particular marriages in the light of the ideal herein set forth. The clergy and the educated laity will find light and inspiration in this book.

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No More Gas

By CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL

Here is a real contribution to good clean literature in the form of a story that hums from cover to cover. It must have been hard on those who read it serially in the *Saturday Evening Post* to have to wait for each successive installment.

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At the same time we draw attention to another fine biography recently published: Margaret Gray Blanton's **BERNADETTE OF LOURDES** (\$2.50), written by a Protestant who has so well and objectively portrayed the character of the peasant saint that the *New York Catholic News* calls it "one of the most intensely interesting books on Lourdes that has come from the press on this side of the water." 265 pages.

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Lille, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.50.

Woven of the Sky

By SISTER MIRIAM, R.S.M.

Familiar to readers of Catholic publications is the poetic work of Sister Miriam, R.S.M. The present volume, numbering fifty-three poems, is a very satisfying collection of some of her best verse. Certainly the author is a master of her craft, particularly of the briefer verse forms, as is evidenced by the quatrain, "A Corner in Wheat":

"The ripened grain of wheat
within the field,
More flaming than the yellow
goldenrod,
I passed untouched, not know-
ing it would reach
My hungry heart, a later day,
as God."

Woven of the Sky is a first book of verse, conveniently divided into sections that deal with love, friendship, pardon, sanctity, suffering, and death. But Sister Miriam is seen to

best advantage in those poems that are definitely religious and based on a spiritual theme. Who could forget "A Carmelite Breaks Silence"?

"God's house is heaven and it is
here within
My breast, invaded by the
Three. No need
Have I the world I left, to
wander in,
To follow foolishly where false
roads lead;
No need to scan the multitudi-
nous words
Men use to hide or to uncover
Him.
Love is enough; now clear as
psalms of birds
The mysteries are that tease
the seraphim."

Of late the Church in America is witnessing the rising up of able singers of her truths, particularly in the field of poetry. Sister Miriam, with her bright and moving lyrics, may definitely be included in this splendid chorus that is claiming the best voices of our day.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Religion in the Reich

By MICHAEL POWER

Is there, and has there been, a religious persecution in Germany? *Religion in the Reich*, with fact, personal observation, and documents of undoubted authenticity answers the question. And the answer is not merely an affirmative but an amazing affirmative.

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The story pivots about the Norman village of Boisdesert, with its great chateau, its presbytery, its church. Most of its action has as leading figure the son of the Count de Boisdesert, who is followed from boyhood and youth to early manhood. But there are a score of other characters, who, while not kept in the foreground of the tale, were certainly in the foreground of the Revolution. These share in the dangers, persecutions, attacks, rescues, conspiracies, hairbreadth escapes, and adventures that fill the book.

Heroic Dust is a woman's story of that tragic cataclysm. It carries the faint scent of lavender. Nevertheless, the book contains a fascinating narrative.

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By HAROLD SINCLAIR

Once more the historian-novelist has cast an eye on America's gilded age, this time to chronicle the growth of a Midwestern city. Everton, Illinois, is the name he gives to the leading character in this tale of war, industrial expansion, bewilderment, greed, and disillusionment. Human characters there are, to be sure, but it is the quickening, pulsating life of the city which holds the story together.

In attempting to present an adequate cross-section of this life, from 1861 to 1893, Mr. Sinclair has let his plot become episodic, and therein lies his novel's chief weakness. Even the Ransoms, father and son, whose lives are interwoven throughout the tale, lack that clarity of outline which reveals the hand of a master craftsman. *The Years of Growth* does not classify easily: it is not the traditional historical romance; it is not a novel of manners. It comes closer to being a history book presented as fiction, for no conscious attempt has been made to introduce well-known historical figures.

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of the Most Holy Cross and Passion

Holy Communion, Our Resurrection

THE close union of Our Saviour's sacred-Flesh with ours in Holy Communion has a specific effect promised by Christ Himself when He said, "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day."

By Baptism, we are "ingrafted" on Christ as the branch on the vine. We know, therefore, since we are "ingrafted" on Christ, we, His members, share the lot and destiny of our Head. His life, flowing down from Him into us, is ours; His prerogatives are ours; His Resurrection, His Ascension, His Reign are *ours*. Now, Christ's Resurrection was of *His flesh*; so shall ours be. Our body must, then, arise to put on the glory of Christ's Body. "The dead shall rise again incorruptible; and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality. . . . Thanks be to God, Who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. XV: 53-57. Yet, when we His members shall go to rejoin our Head in heaven we shall meet Him there without our bodies. Our happy and glorious life shall begin while we are still bereft of our mortal flesh. This state of affairs could not be everlasting, because Christ, by making us His members, associates not only our soul to His sacred Soul, but also our body to His divine flesh. He gives us a pledge and sign of this union of our flesh with the glory of His in sacramental Communion. The joining of Christ's Body to ours in the Sacramental Species is the external, official, and certain proof that our body, like our soul, participates in Jesus Christ, the Head. Therefore, the Saviour must revive our body, return it to us, and present it to His Father.

FATHER RAYMUND, C.P., DIRECTOR
ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY UNION CITY, N. J.

GEMMA'S LEAGUE OF PRAYER

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionaries. One should have the general intention of offering these prayers for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY	
For the Month of March, 1940	
Masses Said	5
Masses Heard	9,621
Holy Communions	23,500
Visits to B. Sacrament	31,320
Spiritual Communion	27,077
Benediction Services	4,944
Sacrifices, Sufferings	27,737
Stations of the Cross	8,064
Visits to the Crucifix	8,579
Beads of the Five Wounds	2,562
Offerings of PP. Blood	25,337
Visits to Our Lady	16,593
Rosaries	17,400
Beads of the Seven Dolors	2,113
Ejaculatory Prayers	368,175
Hours of Study, Reading	27,932
Hours of Labor	26,403
Acts of Kindness, Charity	18,109
Acts of Zeal	29,983
Prayers, Devotions	196,670
Hours of Silence	11,363
Various Works	72,568
Holy Hours	26

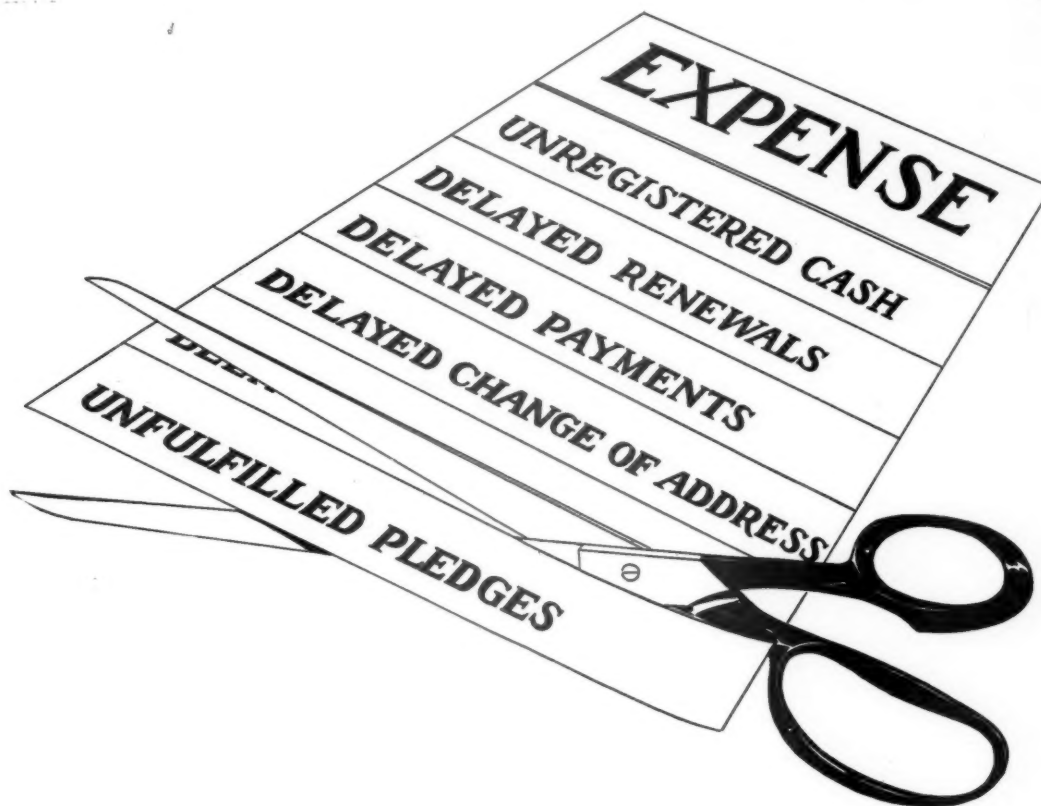
Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

Rev. M. D. Collins
Rev. John H. Harrigan
Rev. James Norman
Rev. T. J. Picker
Rev. Carl F. Dunbury
Sr. Mary Juliana (Kattan)
Mary A. Kenney
Frances Lahey
James F. Brearton
John J. Freel
Edward Bickel
John Galvin
Margaret A. Collins
John A. Munier
Mrs. James Brown
Alice Pfeiffer
Anna F. Fallon
A. M. Evans
Arthur Murphy
Bridget McCarty
Mrs. Andrew Cameron
Hosanna Andrews
Lillian M. Pritchard
Mary E. Driscoll
Marcella Boyle
Nellie Bongh
Della A. Scanlan
John B. Hunzelman
John O'Hara
Mary H. O'Brien
Louise Catherine Foley
Anna Scott
John M. Quinn
John Cahill
Mary Angel
Ellen T. Minahan
Marion P. Fahey
Margaret Lynch
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Walter Long
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Peter S. Dillon
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Mrs. P. H. Queenan
Mildred McKeely
George A. Althoff
James J. Dinning
Ellen Bryson
Mary Neal
Bernadette Wimmers
Maurice P. Hayes
Clara Wobbeling
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Laurence Clements
Robert Houston
Georgiana Peters
Harry J. Price
J. F. Feely
Frances A. Sheehy
Mrs. Patrick J. Daly
Lucile Le Bouef
Marie Moore
P. C. Selfreid
Elizabeth Fahy
Rosella Ryan
Barbara T. Kelly
Ellen McCarthy
Joseph S. Sheridan
Marie Rita Stedman
Irene Jervis
John Conroy
John Kammerer
Margaret H. Malone
John F. Sweeney
Mary Ratchford
Josephine Erichs
F. Robert Faulkner
Oscar Joseph Poche
Teresa Marron
Mary Martin
Leo Crowley
Theobald Goets
Mary Rhodes
Edna F. Musler
William J. Anderson
Mr. W. H. Murphy
Mr. C. A. Bonen
John Coughtry
Anna Wind
John J. Ratty
Peter Walsh
Wilhelmina Fox
Mary A. Gillen

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.



Help Us To Turn Waste and Expense Into Profit...You Can Cut Costs for Us

To us you are not customers . . . you are not merely subscribers—you are Friends. Because you are interested not only in what *THE SIGN* is but in what *THE SIGN* is trying to do.

The picture above tells a real story. Expense is expense. When expense means *costs* which are *necessary* everyone can understand. But when expense means *waste*—it is just that.

Every item—and there are others—listed above is really unnecessary expense. You control them. Won't you help us cut them?

DELAYED RENEWALS mean extra mailing. That's expensive. Acknowledge your expiration

notice. A note—even saying "No"—will save money.

UNREGISTERED CASH is easily "lost." Lost to you and to us.

USE FORM ENVELOPES for returns. It saves you an envelope and time here for us.

UNFULFILLED PLEDGES. A pledge from you to subscribe is your word to us. Circumstances may prevent your keeping it. We understand. A note from you will save unnecessary mailing.

You can help us cut expense. And every bit of it saved means so much more toward what *THE SIGN* is trying to do. But it depends on You.

Every Penny Saved Is A Contribution



SOMEONE has well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries.

Whatever you have you owe to Almighty God. It is fitting that gratitude prompt you to provide assistance for one or more of those institutions which are promoting His Kingdom upon earth.

AMONG THOSE REMEMBERED

Long after you have departed from this world your charity and generosity will be making possible magnificent achievements for His Cause. Your name will be held in prayerful memory by the zealous and needy missionaries whom you have helped.

Let Our Divine Lord be among those specially remembered when the hour comes for you to leave all that you possess.

May we, for His honor and glory and for the support of those who are laboring in fields afar, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.



THE SIGN UNION CITY
NEW JERSEY

